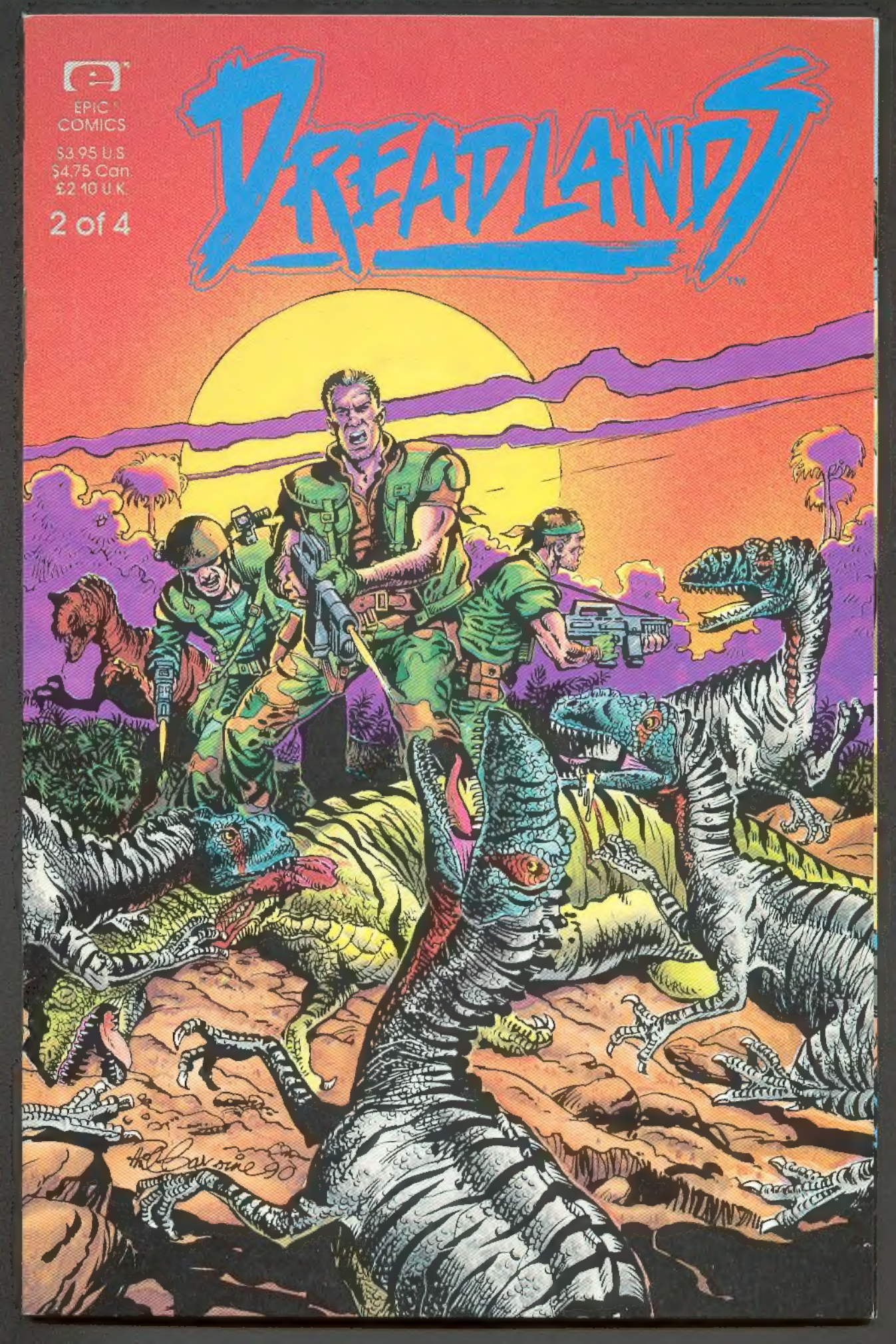
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2 of 4
DREADLANDS

DAD!
HELP ME! AHHH!
BAKKER-- COVER ME!
MY LEG-- IT FEELS BROKEN!
HANG IN THERE, PROF! I GOT YA!
COME AND GET IT! THAT'S IT-- THERE'S MORE WHERE THAT CAME FROM!
BAKKER!
GET THE HELL OUTTA THERE!
AHHH!

OH LORD!
HOLY...
MOTHER--!
KLUNK
QUICK! GET INTO THE TREES!
McCLURE--GET YOUR PEOPLE INTO THE TREE-LINE--WE CAN HOLD THEM FROM HERE!
POUR IT ON, BOYS!

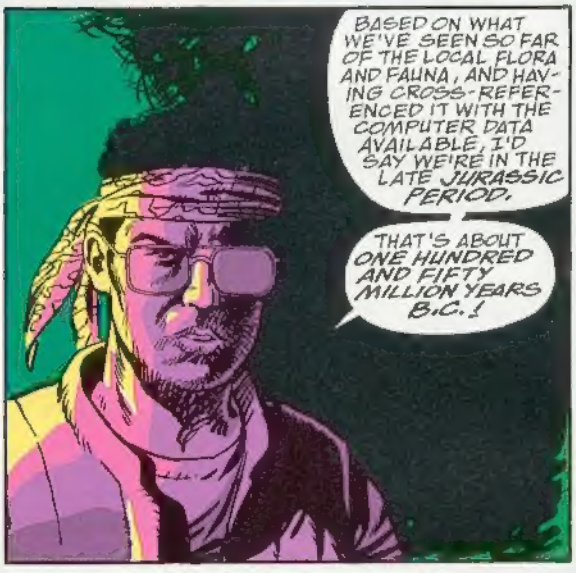
THIS WAY--AND STICK TOGETHER! WE'LL BE SAFER THAT WAY!
JEFF! WHERE'S DAD?!
ELLEN--
ELLEN!
BRAP
AAK!
CEASE FIRE! HOLD YOUR FIRE, DAMN IT! THEY'RE MOVING AWAY!
JEEZ.
ROUND EVERY-ONE UP, McCLURE. LET'S SECURE A BASE IN THE TREES.
ANYONE CATCH THE NUMBER OF THAT BUS?
THAT WAS SOME WELCOMING COMMITTEE.

THE PERIMETER FIRES ARE LIT, AND THE SENTRIES HAVE BEEN POSTED AND ISSUED N.V.G.'S.*
GOOD, WE LOST ONE MAN ALREADY--I DON'T INTEND TO LOSE ANYMORE TONIGHT.
*NIGHT VISION GOGGLES.
HOW'S THE PROFESSOR?
HIS LEG'S BROKEN IN TWO PLACES. HE'S BEING ATTENDED TO. HOW'RE WE DOING?
MOST ARE IN MILD SHOCK BUT THE MEN ARE BEARING UP NOW THAT THEY HAVE SOMETHING TO DO.
WE LOST SOME EQUIPMENT IN THE STAMPEDE, BUT MOST SURVIVAL AND MEDICAL SUPPLIES SALVAGED FROM THE SPHERE ARE INTACT.
WE'VE GOT FOUR T.E.S.T.'S,* SLEEPING BAGS, DISTILLATION KITS, AND RATIONS THAT'LL SEE US OUT A COUPLE OF WEEKS.
WOODWARD MANAGED TO RESCUE AN ASSORTMENT OF ELECTRICAL GOODIES AND RIG UP THE COMPUTER MAINFRAME. HE'S TRYING TO PINPOINT WHERE AND WHEN WE ARE.
* TOTAL ENVIRONMENT SURVIVAL TENT.
I RAN A WEAPONS CHECK. ALL OUR MEN HAVE THEIR SMALL ARMS, BUT ONLY 200 ROUNDS EACH.
WE'RE IN SOME DEEP CRAP McCLURE.

WE'LL NEED STRICT WATER AND FOOD RATIONING, AND WE'VE GOT TO IMPOSE SOME SORT OF ORDER ON THE CIVILIANS.
THEY'VE HAD NO SURVIVAL TRAINING. THEY'RE A RISK TO THE INTEGRITY OF THIS UNIT.
ARE WE TALKING MARTIAL LAW HERE?

TRASK, THIS IS NO S.O.P.* SITUATION, WE JUST STEPPED INTO THE TWILIGHT ZONE, AND I FOR ONE VALUE EVERY-ONE'S OPINION.
WE'RE IN THIS TOGETHER, SO BEFORE YOU START PULLING ON THE JACK BOOTS, LET'S TRY AND FIGURE OUT WHAT THE HELL'S HAPPENED TO US!
*STANDARD OPERATIONAL PROCEEDURE.

ANY JOY, WOODWARD?
UNTIL I CAN RIG UP THE SOLAR CELLS, I'VE ONLY GOT ENOUGH BATTERY POWER TO PLUG INTO THE ON BOARD MEMORY.


BASED ON WHAT WE'VE SEEN SO FAR OF THE LOCAL FLORA AND FAUNA, AND HAVING CROSS-REFERENCED IT WITH THE COMPUTER DATA AVAILABLE, I'D SAY WE'RE IN THE LATE JURASSIC PERIOD.
THAT'S ABOUT ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTY MILLION YEARS B.C.!

B.C.? YOU SAID IT WASN'T POSSIBLE TO TRAVEL BACK IN TIME! WE MEANT TO GO ONE YEAR FORWARD!
THE POWER SURGE THAT TRIPPED THE GENERATORS BLEW THE CONTINUITY CIRCUITS. I DON'T KNOW WHAT HAPPENED!
AND I WON'T BE ABLE TO FIND OUT. YOU BETTER GET USED TO BEING A CAVE-MAN.

WAIT A SECOND--IF WE'RE IN THE PAST THEN WHAT WE DO WILL AFFECT THE FUTURE!
YEAH--I READ ABOUT THIS! WE COULD CREATE A PARADOX AND CEASE TO EXIST!
BUT WE HAVEN'T! MAYBE WE SET UP A PARALLEL TIME STREAM?
BUT--BUT JEEZ! THIS IS GIVING ME A HEAD-ACHE!

150 MILLION YEARS IS A LONG TIME--IN OUR FUTURE THERE IS NO EVIDENCE OF MAN CO-EXISTING WITH THE DINOSAURS--
I THINK WHAT WE DO HERE WON'T MAKE ANY DIFFERENCE TO THE FUTURE. WHAT DOES IT MATTER ANYWAY? WE'RE STUCK HERE FOR THE DURATION!
BUT WHAT IF WE CREATE A TIME LOOP?!
OH, SHUT UP!
AND WHOSE FAULT IS THAT? IF YOUR 'TIME MACHINE' HAD WORKED, NONE OF US WOULD BE IN THIS MESS! WE'RE GOING TO BE AS EXTINCT AS THE DINO-SAURS!
NICE GOING, EGGHEAD! INSTEAD OF SAVING OUR BUTTS, YOU LEFT 'EM HANGING IN THE WIND!
NOW WAIT A DAMN MINUTE!
I DIDN'T SEE ANYONE COMPLAINING WHEN THE SCAVENGERS WERE KICKING IN THE DOOR!
WE'D ALL BE DEAD BY NOW IF IT WASN'T FOR WOODWARD'S 'TIME MACHINE'!
THERE'S NO TELLING HOW MUCH LONGER WE'LL LAST HERE--
A DARN SIGHT LONGER THAN WE WOULD HAVE BACK THERE, TRASK! NO ONE FORCED YOU ON BOARD--WHEN IT HIT THE FAN, WE WERE YOUR ONLY CHANCE!

LISTEN LADY-- MY MEN *DIED* BUYING YOU TIME TO ESCAPE!
WE'RE ALL AWARE OF THAT, TRASK, BUT WE'VE GOT TO TRY TO PULL TOGETHER IF WE'RE GOING TO HAVE A CHANCE OUT HERE!
THEN SOMEONE SHUT CAPT. CROMAG UP-- HE STILL THINKS HE'S DRILLING THE TROOPS AT WEST POINT!
WELL, WHAT'S GOING TO HAPPEN?
HE'S RIGHT.
SHE'S RIGHT!
IT'LL BE O.K.!

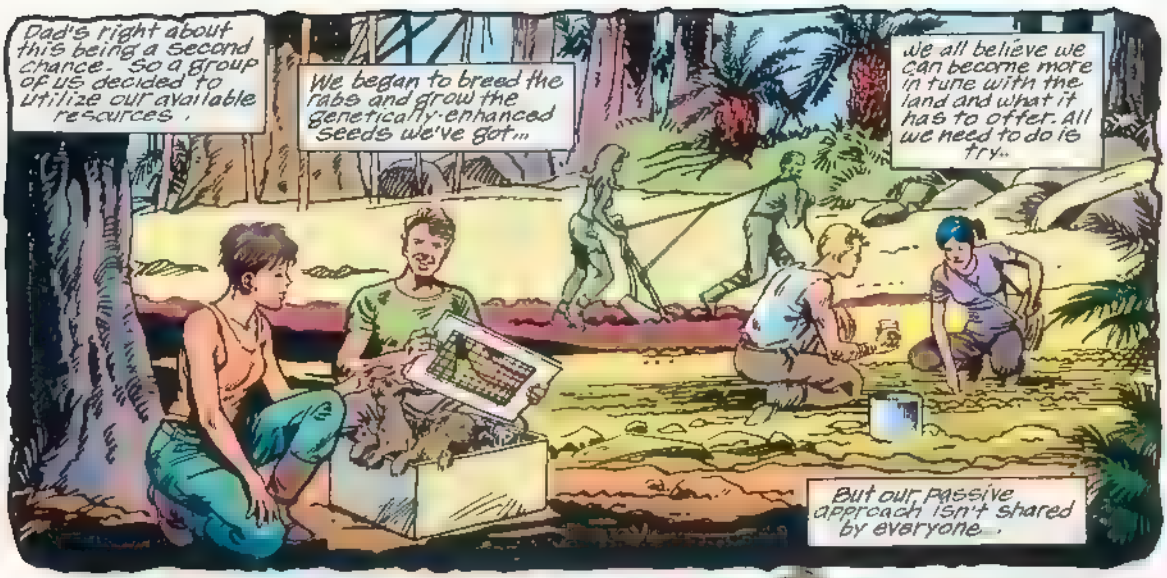
WILL YOU PLEASE JUST *SHUT UP!*

LISTEN-- SQUABBLING AMONGST OURSELVES WILL GET US NOWHERE! ESPECIALLY IF IT ATTRACTS A PASSING PREDATOR!
WE MUST FACE UP TO THE REALITY THAT WE ARE HERE FOR *GOOD!*

WE MUST OPEN OUR EYES TO THE POSSIBILITIES OF THIS NEW WORLD-- WE LEFT A TIME WHEN EARTH WAS DYING BECAUSE OF MAN'S STUPIDITY AND ARROGANCE.
LOOK AROUND! THE EARTH IS YOUNG HERE-- *ALIVE!* THIS IS A SECOND CHANCE! LET'S NOT *WASTE* IT!
THIS IS OUR FATE, *ACCEPT* IT.

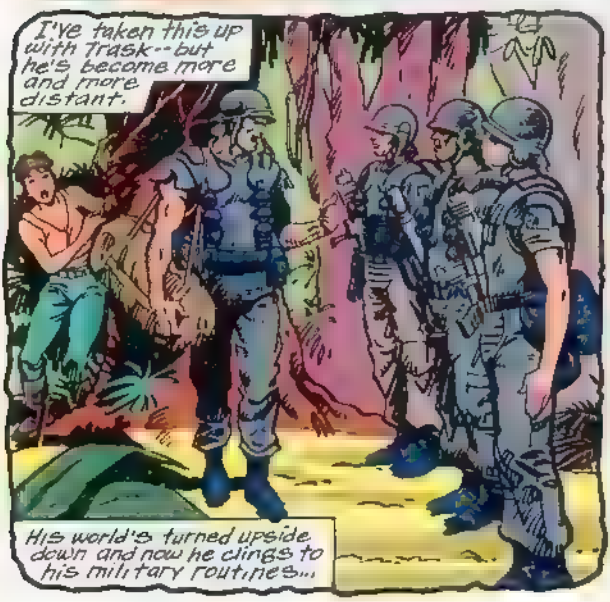
I'VE GOT TO SEE TO MY MEN...
O.K. PEOPLE, LET'S GET SOME SLEEP...
That was thirty days ago...

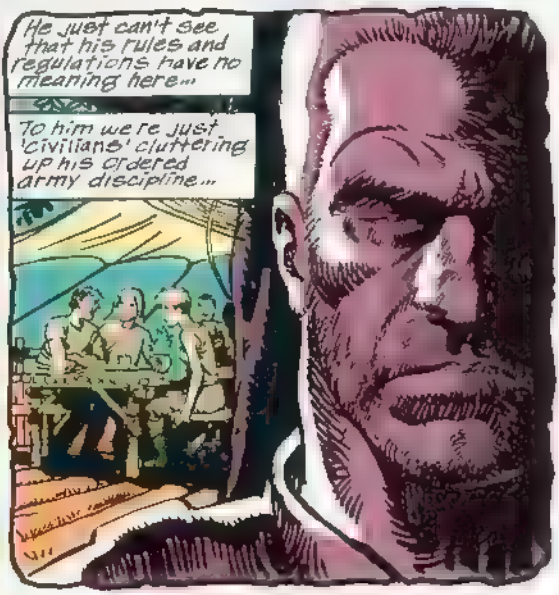
We've come a long way since that first sleepless night and learned a lot--mostly by trial and error. Unfortunately, the errors can be fatal. Our first morning here, one of Trask's men vanished--his fire was out, so we can only assume he dozed off and was taken by something.
McClure had the idea of building a tree shelter out of reach of local predators...
Initially, they were wary of us, but more recently they have become bolder, stalking around the camp at night. Without our weapons we'd be easy pickings...
Trask has been organizing hunting forays, but these have become more dangerous. Even so, things could be worse...
For a month, we were safe and became increasingly confident in our superior ability to cope with our new environment...
However, one morning a herd of brontosaurs woke us from our complacency.
The base wasn't entirely destroyed, but it needed rebuilding and fortifying. It made us rethink our approach.

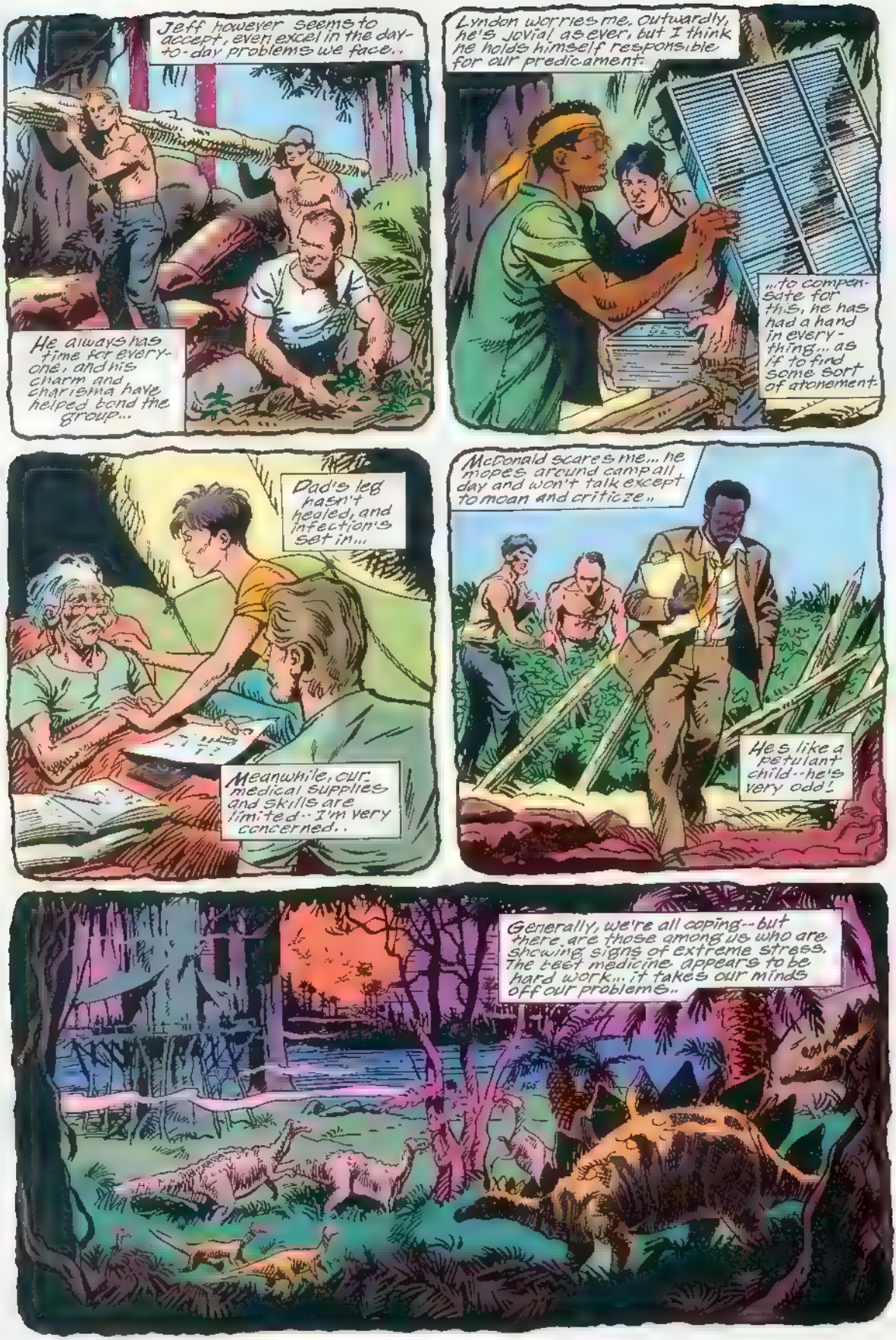

Dad's right about this being a second chance... so a group of us decided to utilize our available resources.
We began to breed the rabs and grow the genetically-enhanced seeds we've got...
We all believe we can become more in tune with the land and what it has to offer. All we need to do is try...
But our passive approach isn't shared by everyone...

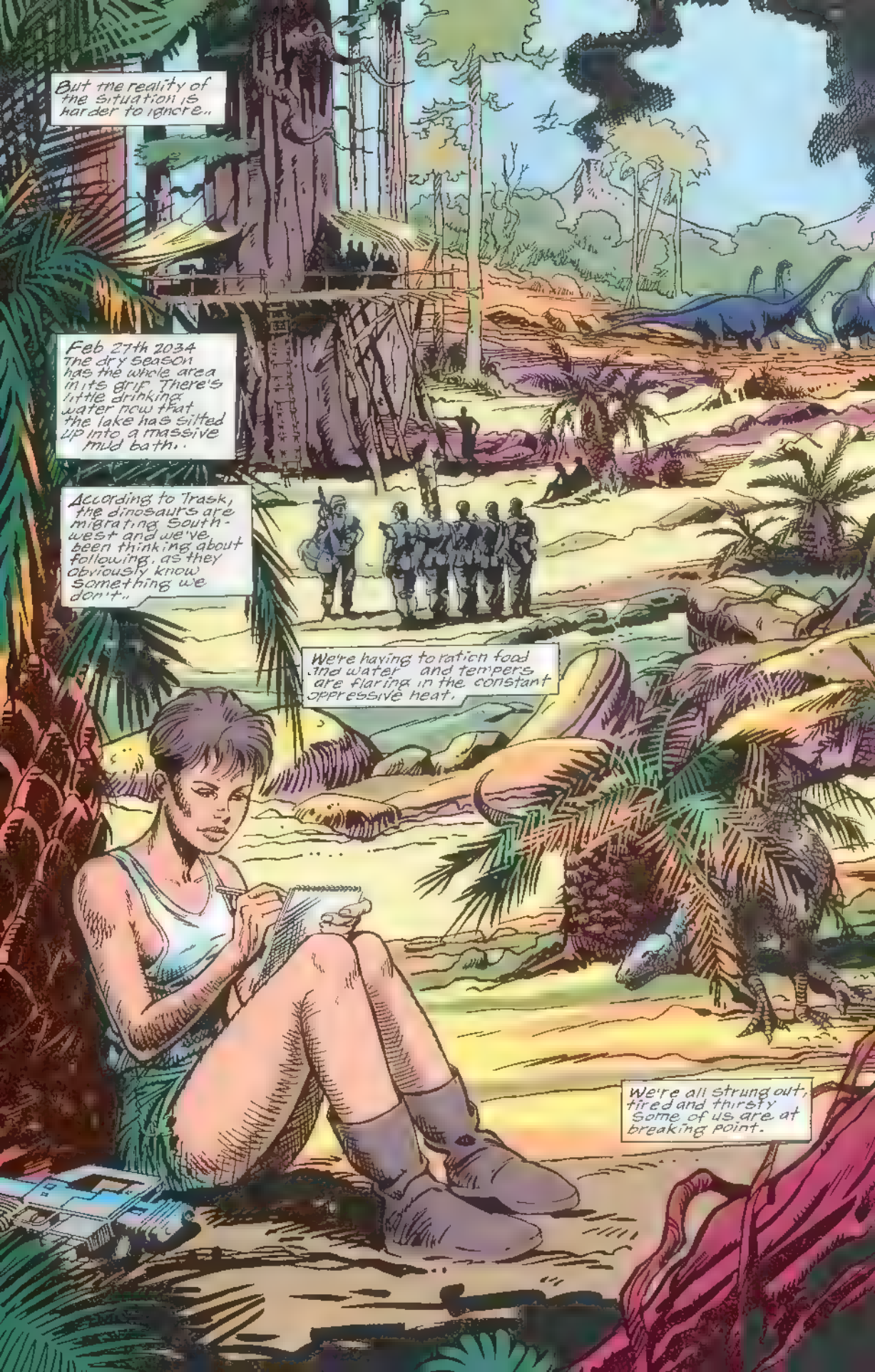
Trask and his 'troops' treat our efforts with an annoying contempt
Their hunting forays have stretched from days to weeks. And they don't tell us where they go..

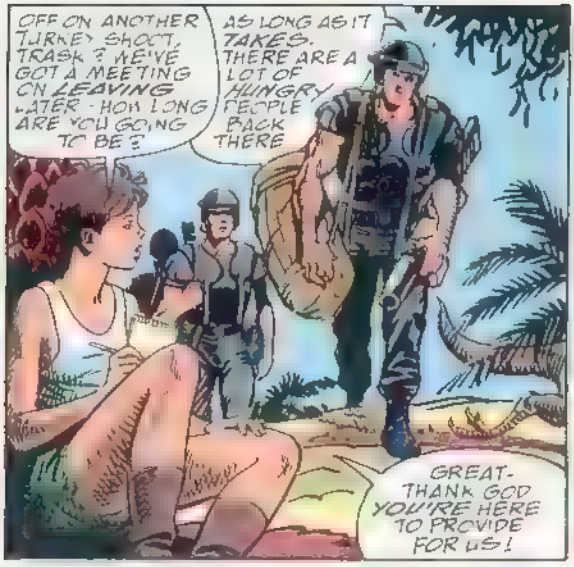
All we know is they take most of the weapons with them...
They guard the guns and ammo jealously, discouraging anyone 'non-military' from using them.

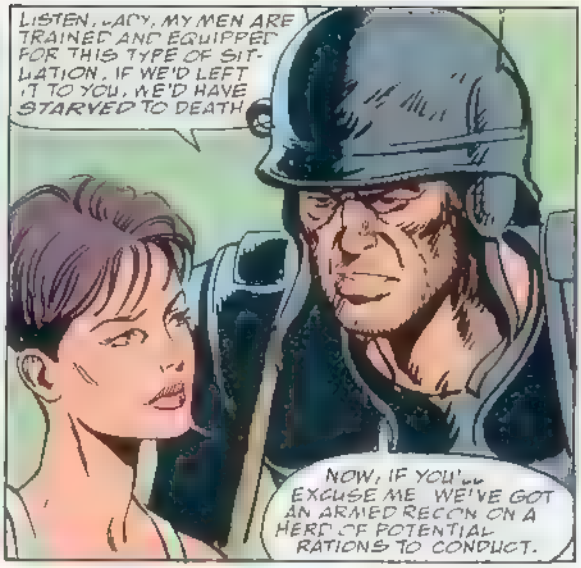

I've taken this up with Trask--but he's become more and more distant.
His world's turned upside down and now he clings to his military routines...

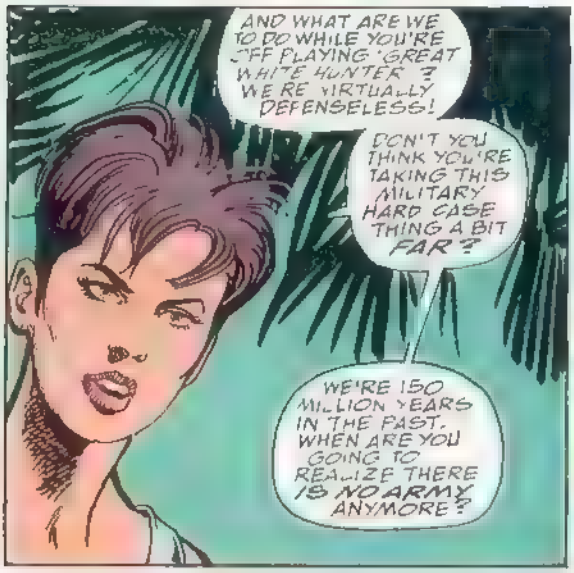

He just can't see that his rules and regulations have no meaning here...
To him we're just 'civilians' cluttering up his ordered army discipline...

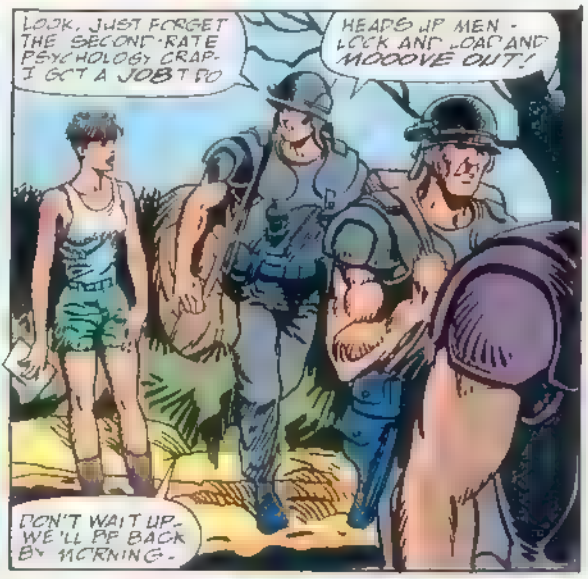

Jeff however seems to accept, even excel in the day-to-day problems we face..
He always has time for everyone, and his charm and charisma have helped bond the group...
Lyndon worries me. Outwardly, he's jovial as ever, but I think he holds himself responsible for our predicament.
...to compensate for this, he has had a hand in everything... as if to find some sort of atonement.
Dad's leg hasn't healed, and infection's set in...
Meanwhile, our medical supplies and skills are limited.. I'm very concerned..
McDonald scares me... he mopes around camp all day and won't talk except to moan and criticize..
He's like a petulant child--he's very odd!
Generally, we're all coping--but there are those among us who are showing signs of extreme stress. The best medicine appears to be hard work... it takes our minds off our problems..

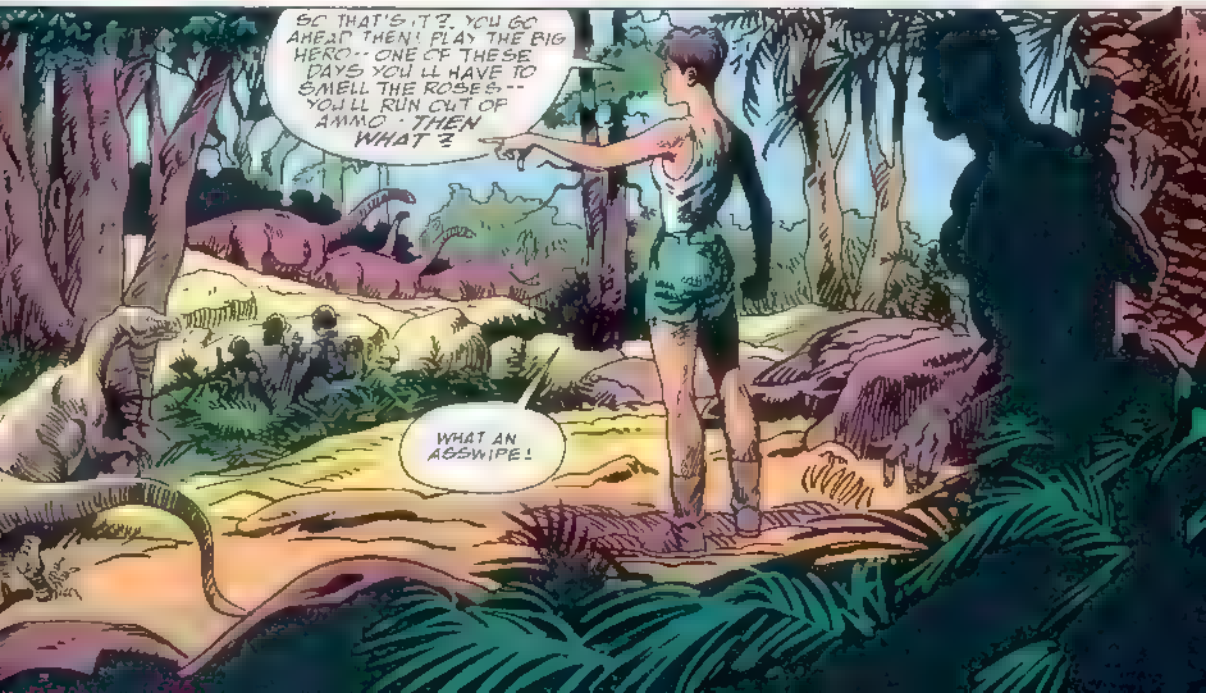

But the reality of the situation is harder to ignore..
Feb 27th 2034 The dry season has the whole area in its grip. There's little drinking water now that the lake has silted up into a massive mud bath..
According to Trask, the dinosaurs are migrating South-west and we've been thinking about following, as they obviously know something we don't..
We're having to ration food and water and tempers are flaring in the constant oppressive heat.
We're all strung out, tired and thirsty. Some of us are at breaking point.


OFF ON ANOTHER TURKEY SHOOT, TRASK? WE'VE GOT A MEETING ON LEAVING LATER - HOW LONG ARE YOU GOING TO BE?
AS LONG AS IT TAKES. THERE ARE A LOT OF HUNGRY PEOPLE BACK THERE
GREAT- THANK GOD YOU'RE HERE TO PROVIDE FOR US!

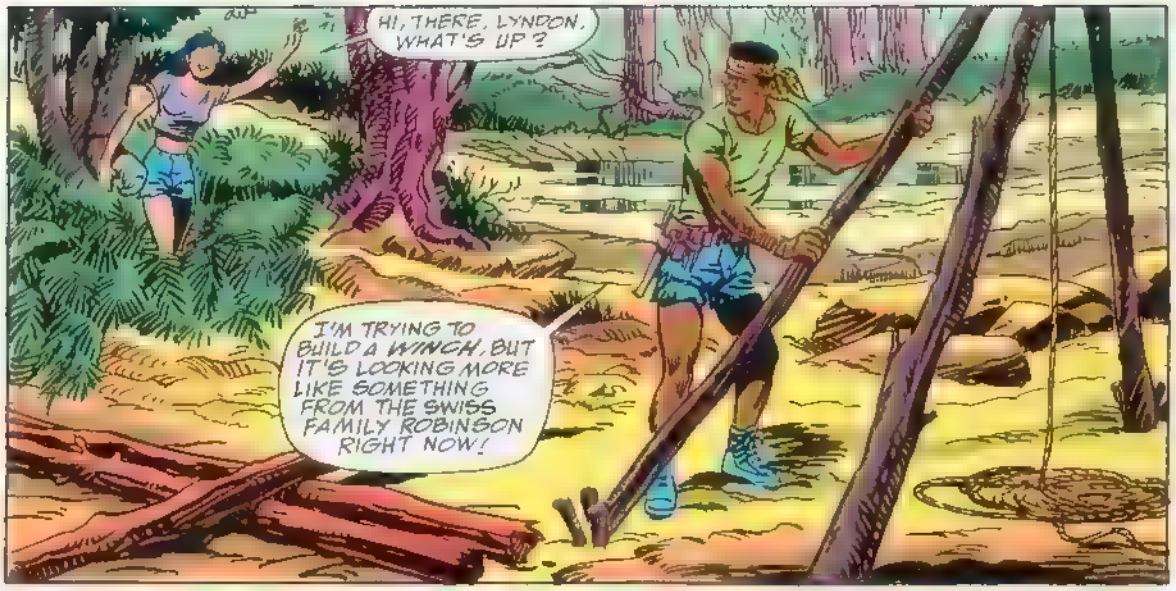

LISTEN, LADY, MY MEN ARE TRAINED AND EQUIPPED FOR THIS TYPE OF SITUATION. IF WE'D LEFT IT TO YOU, WE'D HAVE STARVED TO DEATH
NOW, IF YOU'LL EXCUSE ME WE'VE GOT AN ARMED RECON ON A HERD OF POTENTIAL RATIONS TO CONDUCT.


AND WHAT ARE WE TO DO WHILE YOU'RE OFF PLAYING 'GREAT WHITE HUNTER'? WE'RE VIRTUALLY DEFENSELESS!
DON'T YOU THINK YOU'RE TAKING THIS MILITARY HARD CASE THING A BIT FAR?
WE'RE 150 MILLION YEARS IN THE PAST. WHEN ARE YOU GOING TO REALIZE THERE IS NO ARMY ANYMORE?

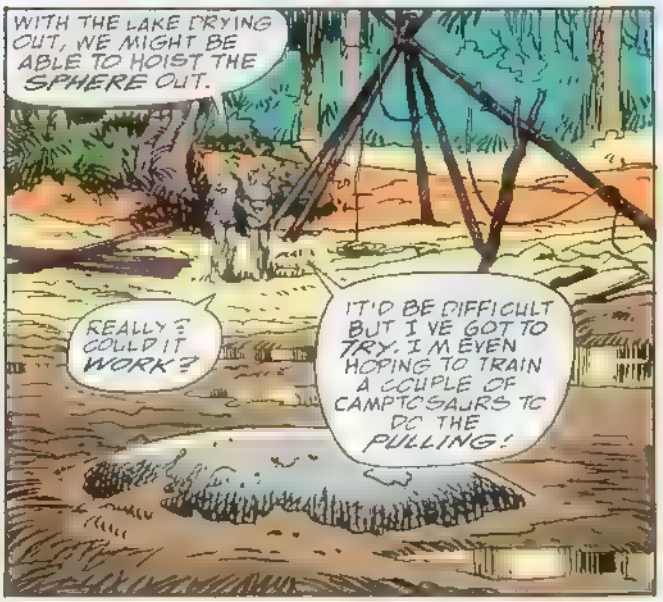

LOOK, JUST FORGET THE SECOND-RATE PSYCHOLOGY CRAP- I GOT A JOB TO DO
HEADS UP MEN - LOCK AND LOAD AND MOOOVE OUT!
DON'T WAIT UP- WE'LL BE BACK BY MORNING.


SO THAT'S IT?. YOU GO AHEAD THEN! PLAY THE BIG HERO-- ONE OF THESE DAYS YOU'LL HAVE TO SMELL THE ROSES-- YOU'LL RUN OUT OF AMMO - THEN WHAT?
WHAT AN ASSWIPE!

I KE TALKING TO A BRICK WALL, AIN'T IT?
CHRIST, JEFF-- YOU SCARED THE HELL OUT OF ME!
WHAT ARE YOU DOING SKULKING AROUND BACK THERE?
YOU'RE NOT THE ONLY ONE CONCERNED ABOUT TRASK'S LITTLE "HUNTING TRIPS."
I DON'T ENTIRELY TRUST HIM!
JUST TO SETTLE MY MIND I'M GOING TO DISCREETLY TAG ALONG!
I'LL RIDE SHOTGUN--AND NO BUTS".
ELSEWHERE..
NO THANK YOU, MR. McDONALD. I'LL BE JUST FINE!
BUT WENDY-- YOU CAN'T GO OFF ON YOUR OWN - IT'S NOT SAFE! YOU NEED PROTECTION!
NOT THE SORT OF PROTECTION YOU'VE GOT IN MIND!
HOW CAN YOU SAY THAT? I'M ONLY CONCERNED! YOU'RE STILL MY EMPLOYEE
ONLY IN YOUR SICK, SORRY MIND. BESIDES, I'M MEETING LYNDON AT THE LAKE SHORE.
WHA.?


HI, THERE, LYNDON, WHAT'S UP?
I'M TRYING TO BUILD A WINCH, BUT IT'S LOOKING MORE LIKE SOMETHING FROM THE SWISS FAMILY ROBINSON RIGHT NOW!

ANYWAY, WHAT'RE YOU DOING HERE?
I'VE COME FOR A DIP. WHAT'S THE WINCH FOR?


WITH THE LAKE DRYING OUT, WE MIGHT BE ABLE TO HOIST THE SPHERE OUT.
REALLY? COULD IT WORK?
IT'D BE DIFFICULT BUT I'VE GOT TO TRY. I'M EVEN HOPING TO TRAIN A COUPLE OF CAMPTOSAURS TO DO THE PULLING!

HA! HA! DOMESTIC DINOSAURS! THAT'S CUTE!
YOU THINK THAT'S FUNNY? I'M NOT THE ONE TAKING A BATH IN A MUD WALLOW!

LOOK, DON'T GET IN UNTIL I GET A GUN. I DON'T SUPPOSE YOU BROUGHT ONE?
I'VE GOT MY RUBBER DUCK AND TOWEL-- WHAT MORE DO I NEED? HURRY BACK-- I'M MELTING...

COME ON, JEFF--WHAT'RE THEY DOING? THEY'VE BEEN DOWN THERE TEN MINUTES NOW-- THEY'RE NOT DOING MUCH HUNTING!
THOSE SONS OF--
...THEY'VE SUNK A WELL!
THEY'VE GOT A BORE HOLE, AND THEY'RE FILLING THEIR CANTEENS!
BASTARDS! WE'VE BEEN DYING OF THIRST FOR TWO MONTHS, AND THEY'VE GOT THEIR OWN SUPPLY ON TAP!
LET'S GET DOWN THERE AND TEACH TRASK A LESSON IN TEAM-WORK!
WHOA! EASE UP! BEFORE YOU GO CHARGING IN, THINK ABOUT THE ODDS!
COME ON, LET'S GET BACK. WE'LL TELL THE OTHERS AND GET SOME MORE SUPPORT.
I'M SURE EVERYONE ELSE WILL HAVE SOMETHING TO SAY ABOUT THIS.

AW, C'MON LYNDON-- WHAT'S KEEPING YOU? I'M BOILING.
I'M NOT WAITING FOR HIM!
BANZIIIIEEE!!
COLD-- AWWW BLISS!
I CAN'T GET NO-- SA-TIS-FACTIOAAN!
I CAN'T GET NO! NO NO NO NO!
AHEY HEY HEEEY! THAT'S A WHAT I SAY--!

DAA DAA DEDEDAA DE DA DE DA DA -!
!
FRWOOSH
AACCKK!

HEY, MAN, WHAT'S THE RUSH? THE LATRINE'S OVER THERE!
WENDY? I SEE YOU COULDN'T WAIT, HUH? HAVE NO FEAR, YOUR GUARDIAN ANGEL'S HERE!
TO PROTECT AND S--
WENDY! WENDY!
LYNDON!
YOU'RE GONNA LOVE THIS-- TRASK HAS GOT A-- LYNDON? WHAT HAPPENED--?
EVERYONE'S UPSET OVER WHAT'S HAPPENED. WE ARE GOING TO HAVE TO PUT IT OUT OF OUR MINDS UNTIL WE'VE DEALT WITH THE PROBLEM OF TRASK AND HIS MEN...
LYNDON-- I'M SO SORRY. MAYBE WHEN WE GET HOLD OF McDONALD, WE CAN FIND OUT WHAT HAPPENED.

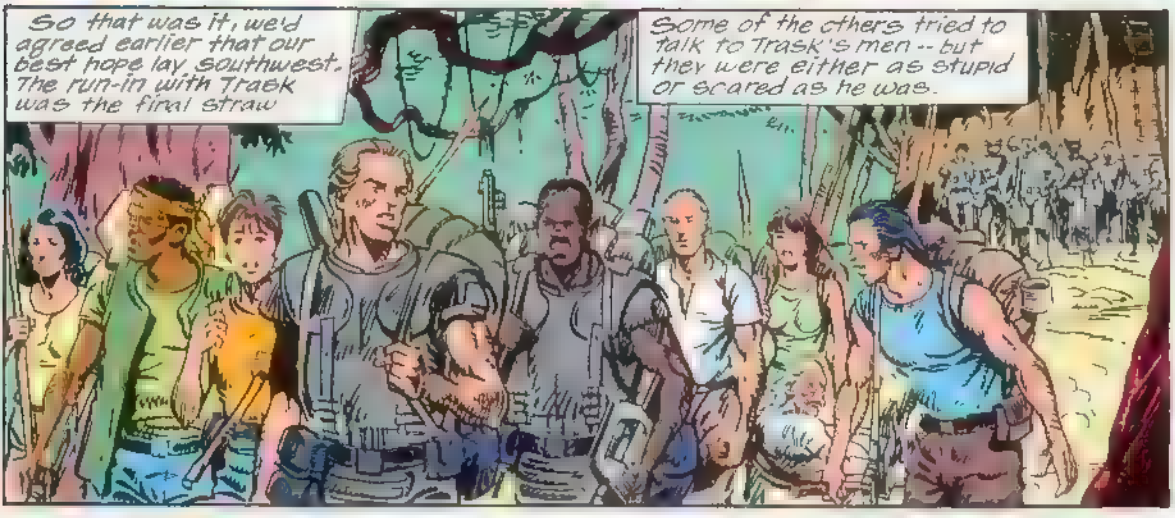
OKAY, MEN... GET THOSE CARCASSES GUTTED AND SMOKED AND STORED. THEN YOU CAN TURN IN.
TRASK, I THINK IT'S TIME WE TALKED!
WHAT'S THIS? A TOWN MEETING..?
LOOKS MORE LIKE A LYNCH MOB...
LIEUTENANT TRASK. WE KNOW ABOUT YOUR SECRET WATER SUPPLY. YOU AND YOUR MEN HAVE SHOWN A BLATANT DISREGARD FOR THE REST OF US
WELL, THAT'S JUST TOO BAD.
WHY DIDN'T YOU TELL US? WE ALL NEED THE WATER! WHY ARE YOU HOLDING OUT ON US??
HOLDING OUT? WHO'S BEEN DOING ALL THE HUNTING.. TAKING ALL THE RISKS AND PROVIDING FOR ALL OF YOU?? MY TROOPS! WE HAVE PRIORITY - WE NEED THAT EXTRA WATER! IT'S OURS!!
WHY SHOULD WE WASTE IT ON YOU? YOU'RE JUST DEAD WEIGHT!

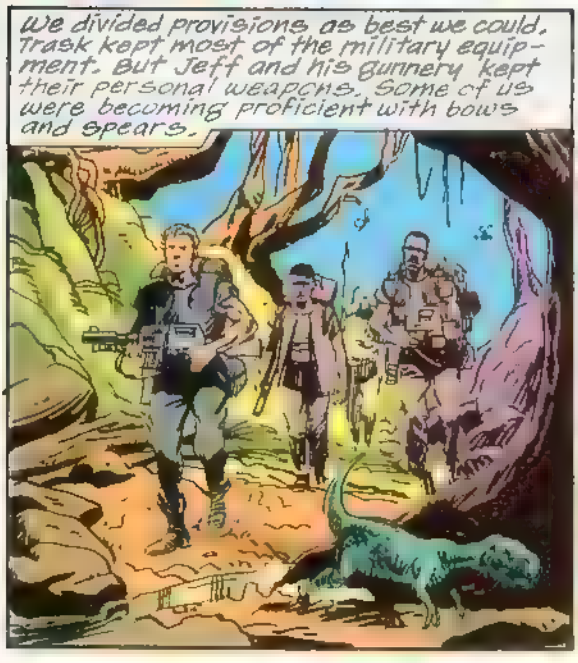
LISTEN TO HIM! HE'S MAD! WE'RE DEHYDRATING, AND HE'S HOARDING WATER!
WHO GAVE YOU THE RIGHT TO DECIDE WHO LIVES OR DIES, TRASK??
YOU'RE NOT GOD--YOU'RE JUST A PATHETIC LITTLE--
YOU'VE GOT A BIG MOUTH, LADY!
WAP
KRAK
THAT'S IT, TRASK!
HA HA! GET A LOAD OF THAT! TRASK'S PACKING A WAR-HEAD!
DECLARING WAR ON THE DINOSAURS, MAYBE?
BACK OFF!
YOU'VE NO RIGHT TO BRING THAT MONSTROSITY INTO THIS WORLD!

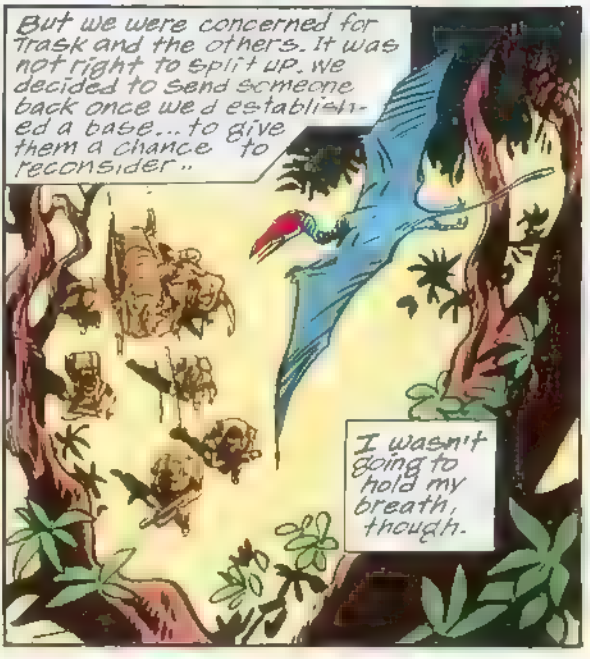
TRASK, GIVE ME THAT. WE'LL DISARM IT AND END THIS NOW.
BACK OFF, McCLURE!
I SAID BACK OFF!!
IF YOU DON'T LIKE THE WAY WE OPERATE, TAKE YOUR STUFF AND GO! HEAD SOUTH -- FOLLOW THE DINOSAURS! THAT'S YOUR WONDER PLAN! WE STAY HERE!
WE'D BE MAD TO STICK AROUND WITH YOU CRAZY MOTHERS! LET'S PACK!
NOW WAIT A MINUTE! WE SHOULDN'T SPLIT UP -- IT'S TIME WE STARTED BEHAVING LIKE RESPONSIBLE ADULTS!
YOU WANT TO TALK RESPONSIBILITY? LET'S TALK ABOUT THIS AFTERNOON! WHAT HAPPENED TO WENDY -- YOU WERE THERE, WHAT DID YOU DO??
.. I DIDN'T DO ANYTHING .. IT WAS A CROC ... THERE WAS NOTHING I COULD DO!

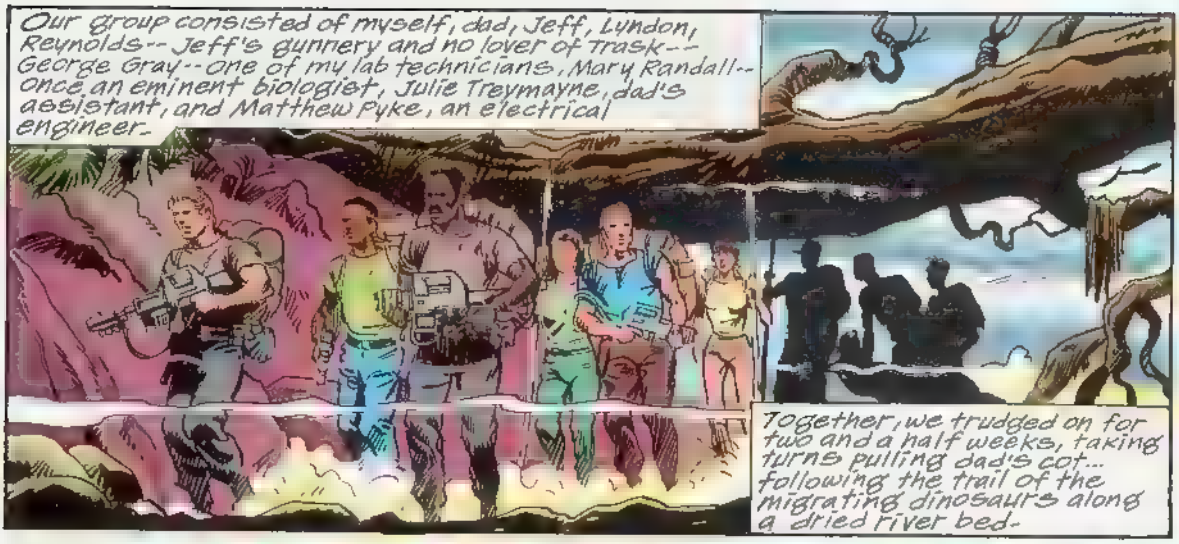
WHAT WERE YOU DOING THERE, YOU PIECE OF FILTH!?
STEADY, LYNDON. SAVE IT.
YOU CAN COME OR STAY, McDONALD. IT'S UP TO YOU.

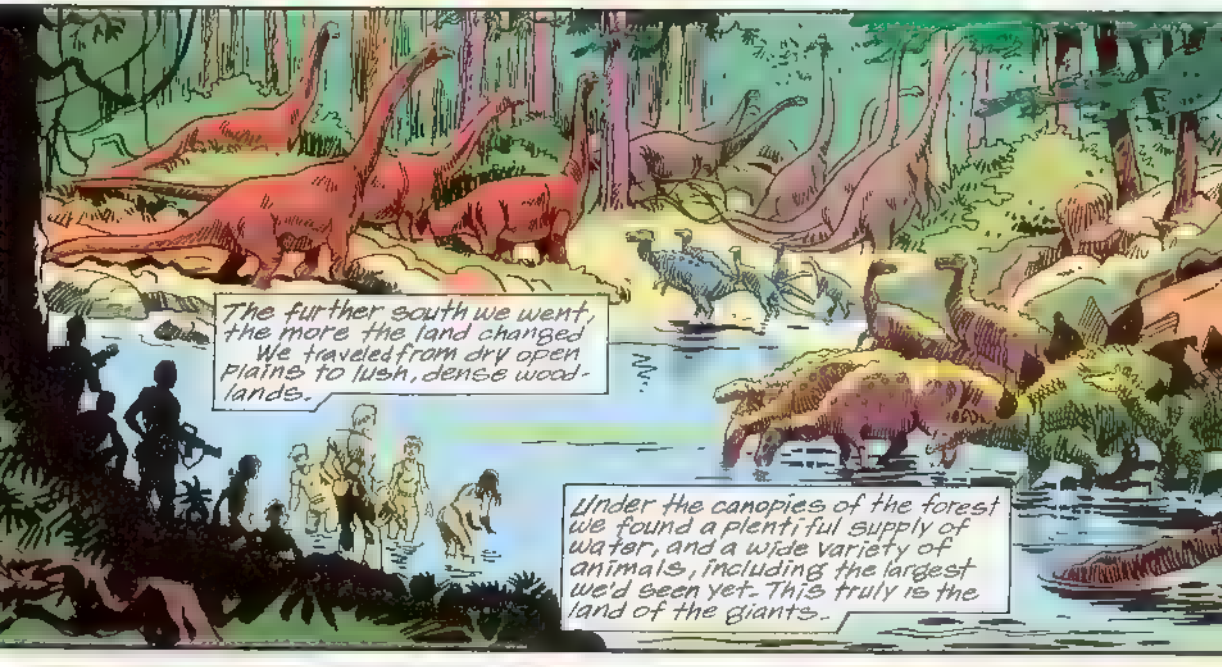
I'M . I'M STAYING...

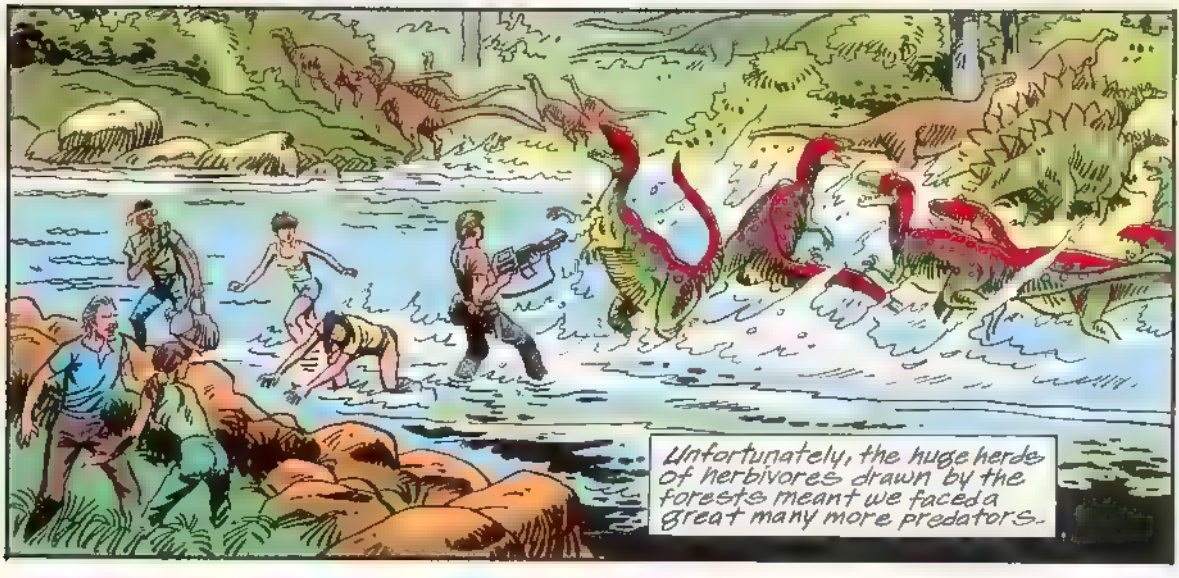

So that was it, we'd agreed earlier that our best hope lay southwest. The run-in with Traek was the final straw
Some of the others tried to talk to Trask's men -- but they were either as stupid or scared as he was.

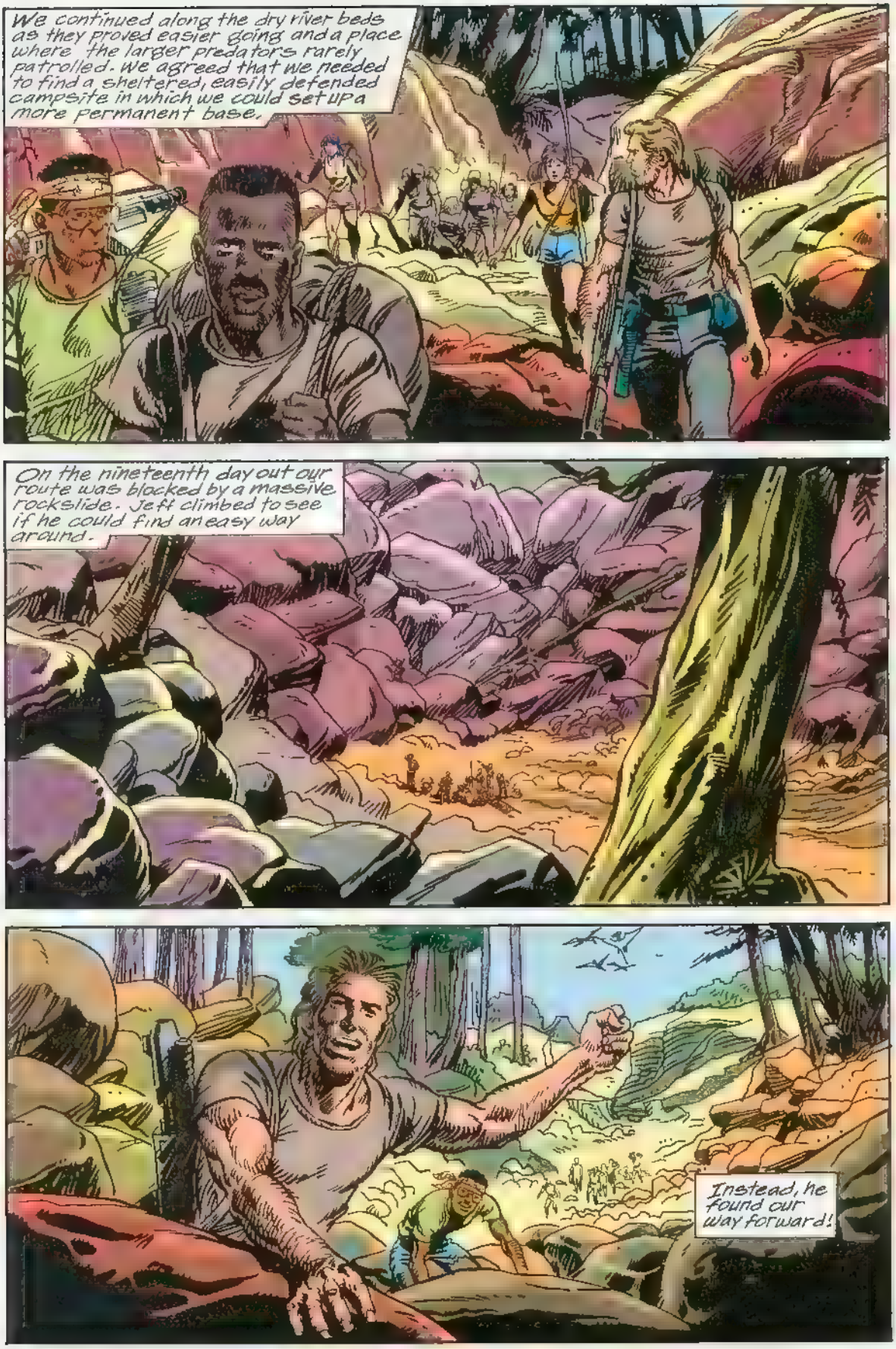

We divided provisions as best we could. Trask kept most of the military equipment. But Jeff and his gunnery kept their personal weapons. Some of us were becoming proficient with bows and spears.

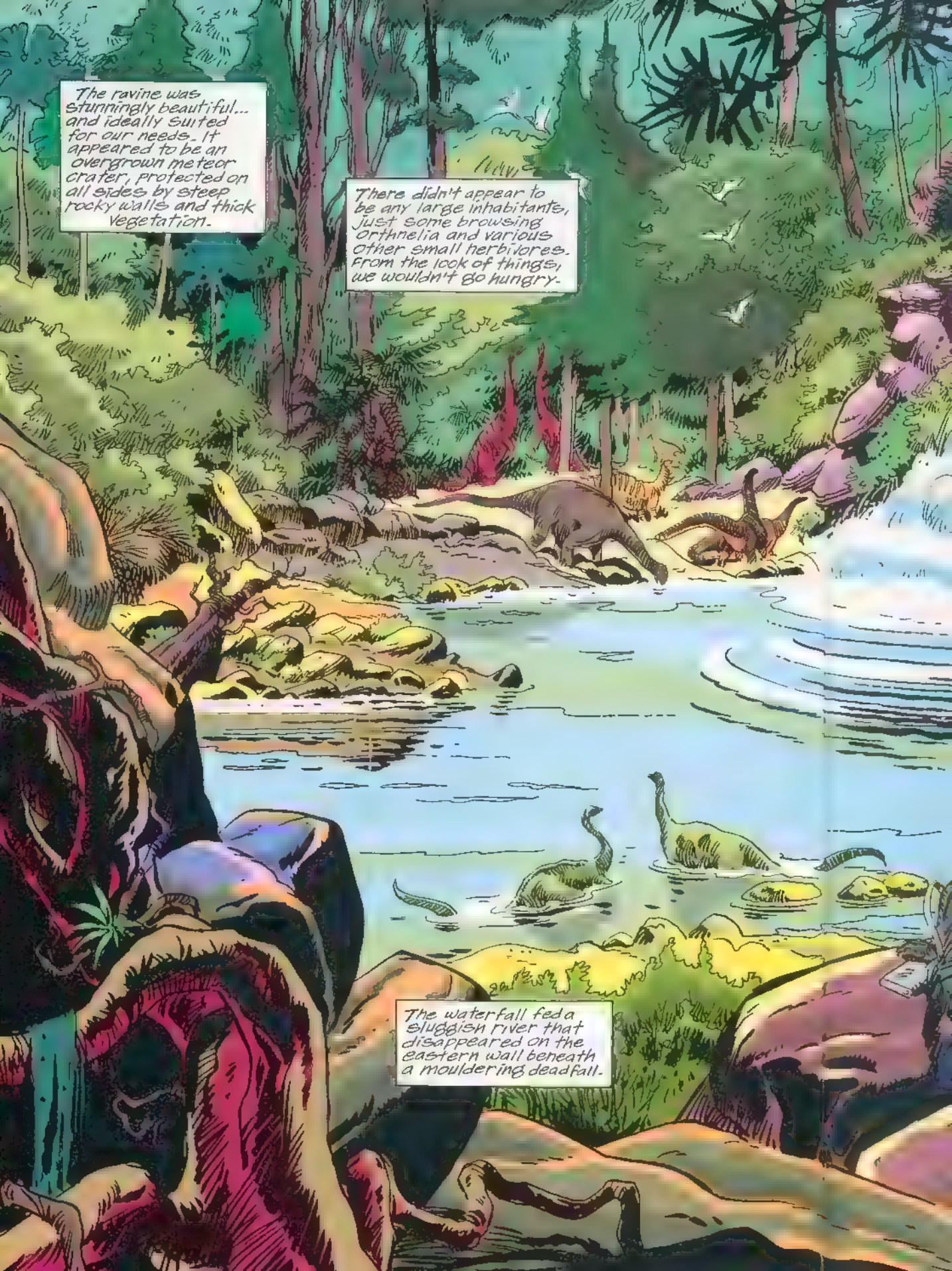

But we were concerned for Trask and the others. It was not right to split up. We decided to send someone back once we'd established a base... to give them a chance "to reconsider".
I wasn't going to hold my breath, though.

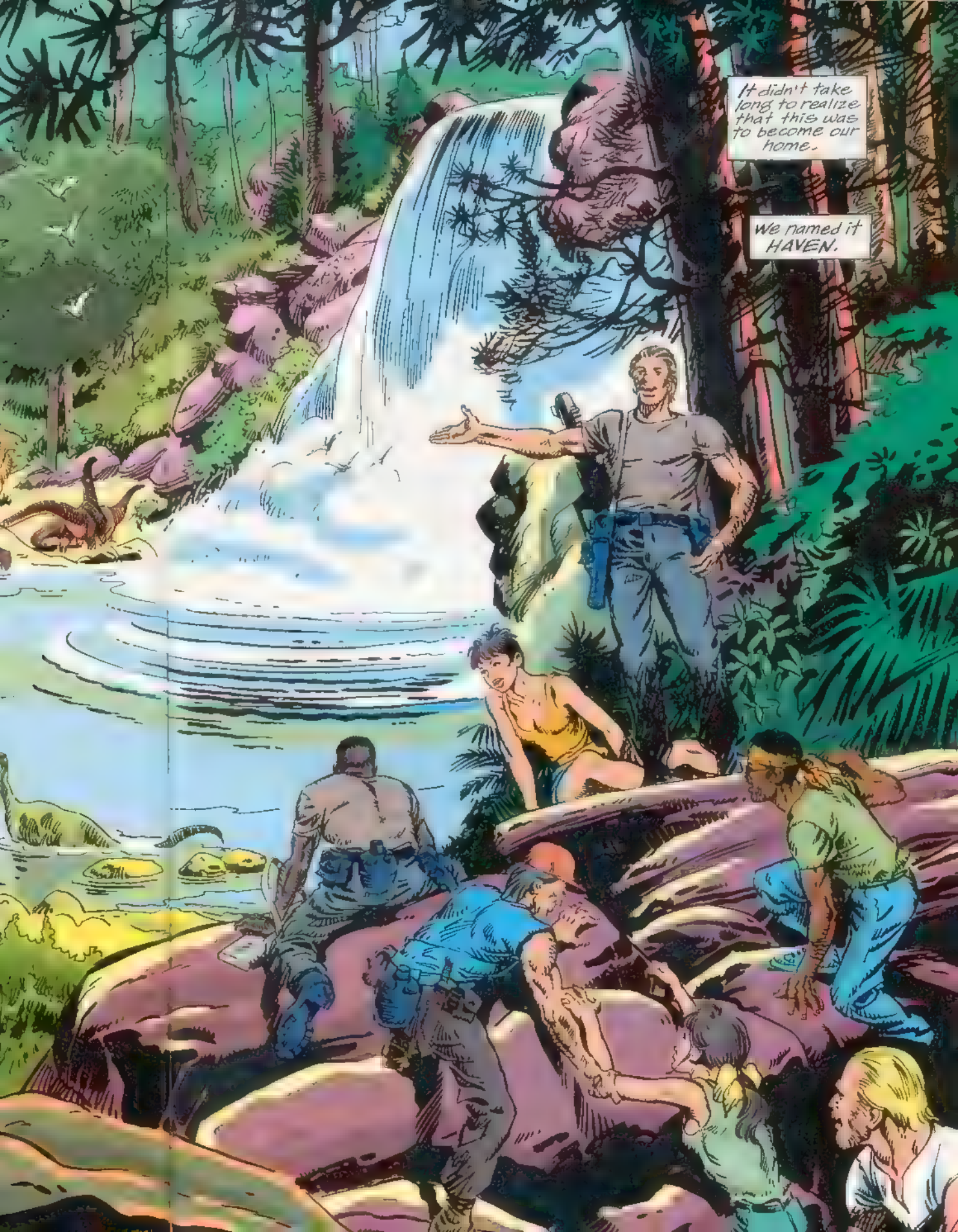

Our group consisted of myself, dad, Jeff, Lyndon, Reynolds-- Jeff's gunnery and no lover of Trask-- George Gray--one of my lab technicians, Mary Randall--once an eminent biologist, Julie Treymayne, dad's assistant, and Matthew Pyke, an electrical engineer.
Together, we trudged on for two and a half weeks, taking turns pulling dad's cot... following the trail of the migrating dinosaurs along a dried river bed.

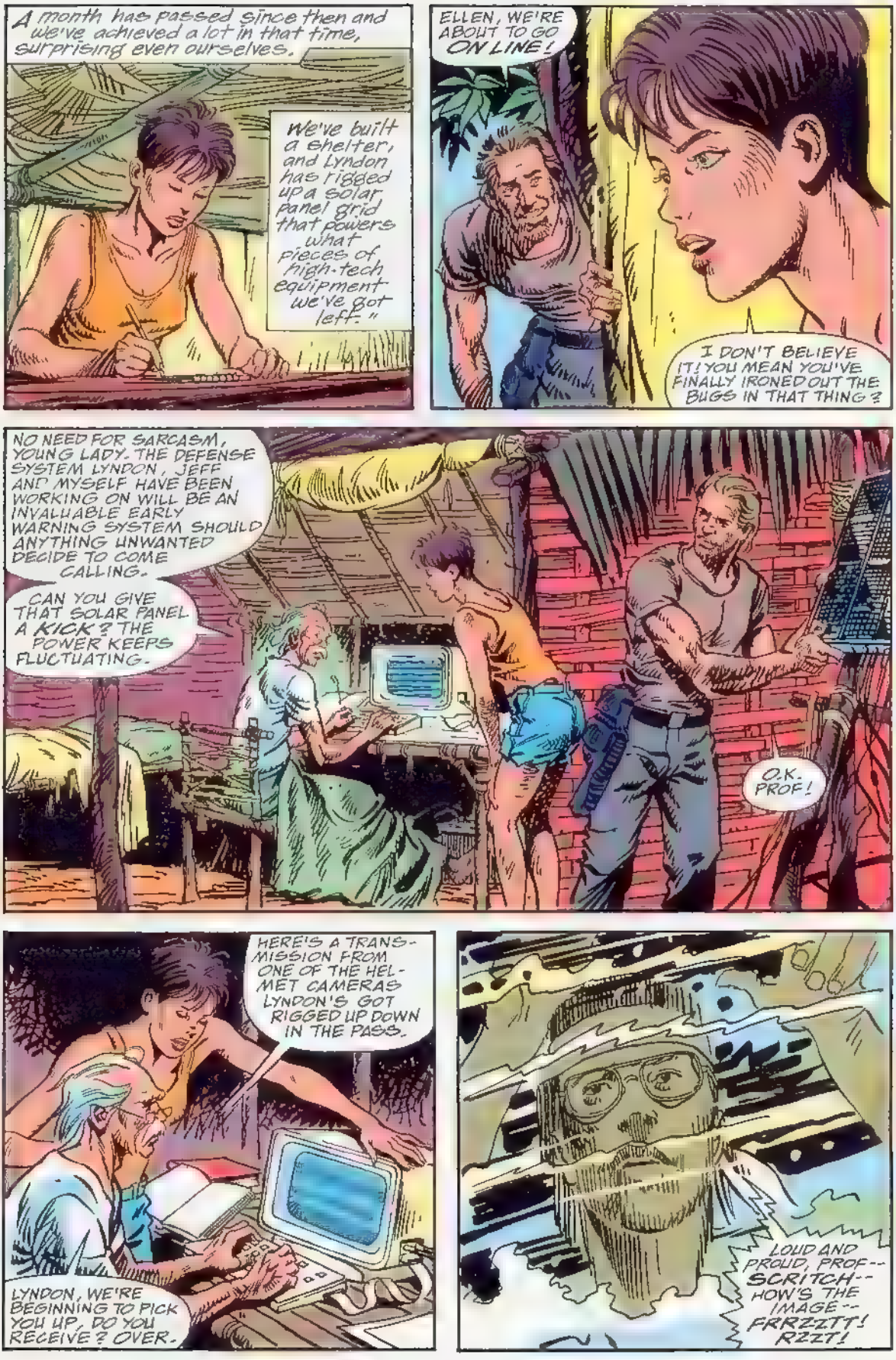

The further south we went, the more the land changed. We traveled from dry open plains to lush, dense woodlands.
Under the canopies of the forest we found a plentiful supply of water, and a wide variety of animals, including the largest we'd seen yet. This truly is the land of the giants.


Unfortunately, the huge herds of herbivores drawn by the forests meant we faced a great many more predators.

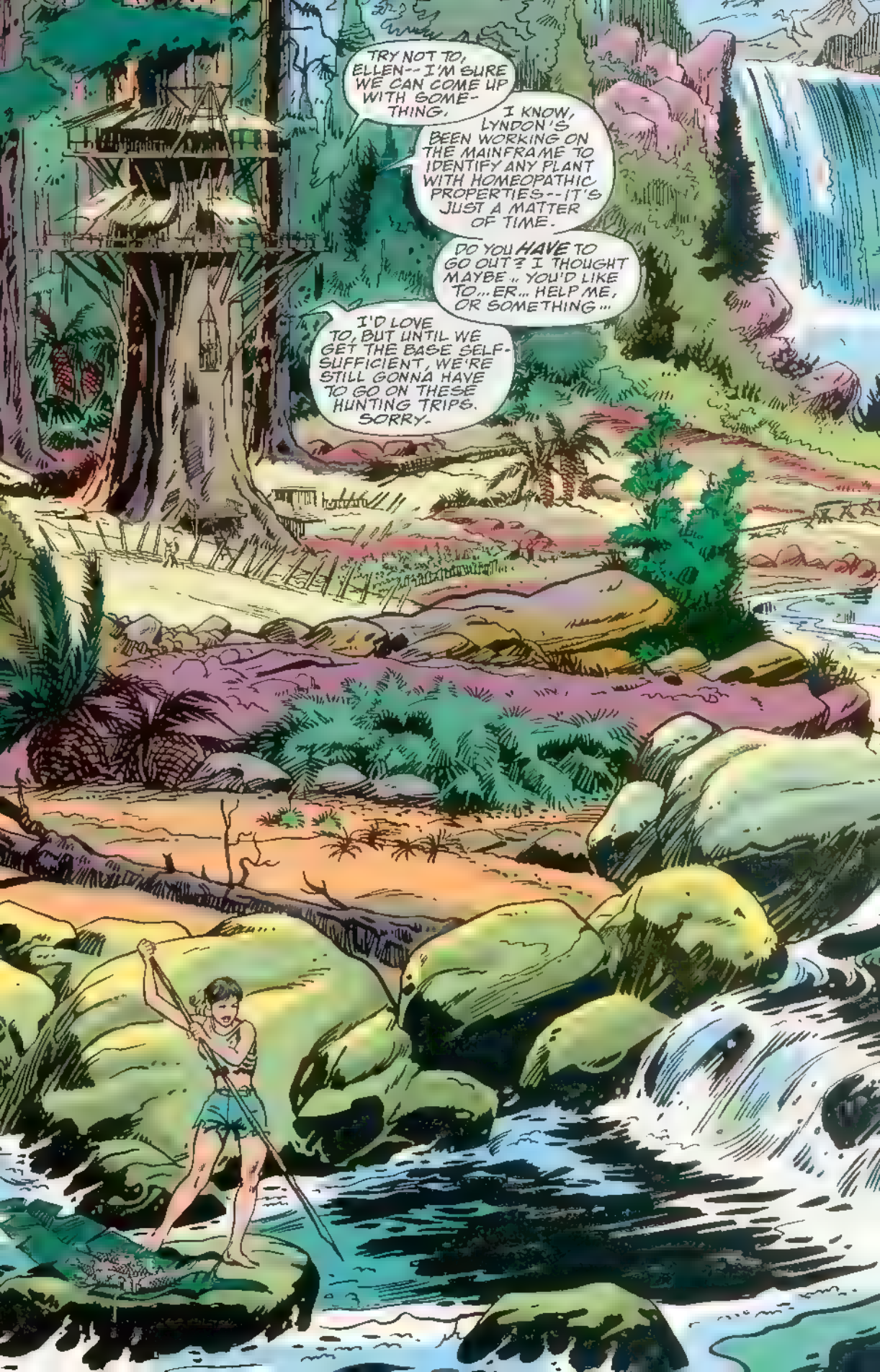

We continued along the dry river beds as they proved easier going and a place where the larger predators rarely patrolled. We agreed that we needed to find a sheltered, easily defended campsite in which we could set up a more permanent base.
On the nineteenth day out our route was blocked by a massive rockslide. Jeff climbed to see if he could find an easy way around.
Instead, he found our way forward!


The ravine was stunningly beautiful... and ideally suited for our needs. It appeared to be an overgrown meteor crater, protected on all sides by steep rocky walls and thick vegetation.
There didn't appear to be any large inhabitants, just some browsing Orthnelia and various other small herbivores. From the look of things, we wouldn't go hungry.
The waterfall fed a sluggish river that disappeared on the eastern wall beneath a mouldering deadfall.


It didn't take long to realize that this was to become our home.
We named it HAVEN.


A month has passed since then and we've achieved a lot in that time, surprising even ourselves.
We've built a shelter, and Lyndon has rigged up a solar panel grid that powers what pieces of high-tech equipment we've got left."
ELLEN, WE'RE ABOUT TO GO ON LINE!
I DON'T BELIEVE IT! YOU MEAN YOU'VE FINALLY IRONED OUT THE BUGS IN THAT THING?
NO NEED FOR SARCASM, YOUNG LADY. THE DEFENSE SYSTEM LYNDON, JEFF AND MYSELF HAVE BEEN WORKING ON WILL BE AN INVALUABLE EARLY WARNING SYSTEM SHOULD ANYTHING UNWANTED DECIDE TO COME CALLING.
CAN YOU GIVE THAT SOLAR PANEL A KICK? THE POWER KEEPS FLUCTUATING.
O.K. PROF!
HERE'S A TRANSMISSION FROM ONE OF THE HELMET CAMERAS LYNDON'S GOT RIGGED UP DOWN IN THE PASS.
LYNDON, WE'RE BEGINNING TO PICK YOU UP, DO YOU RECEIVE? OVER.
LOUD AND PROUD, PROF--- SCRITCH--- HOW'S THE IMAGE--- FRRZZTT! RZZT!

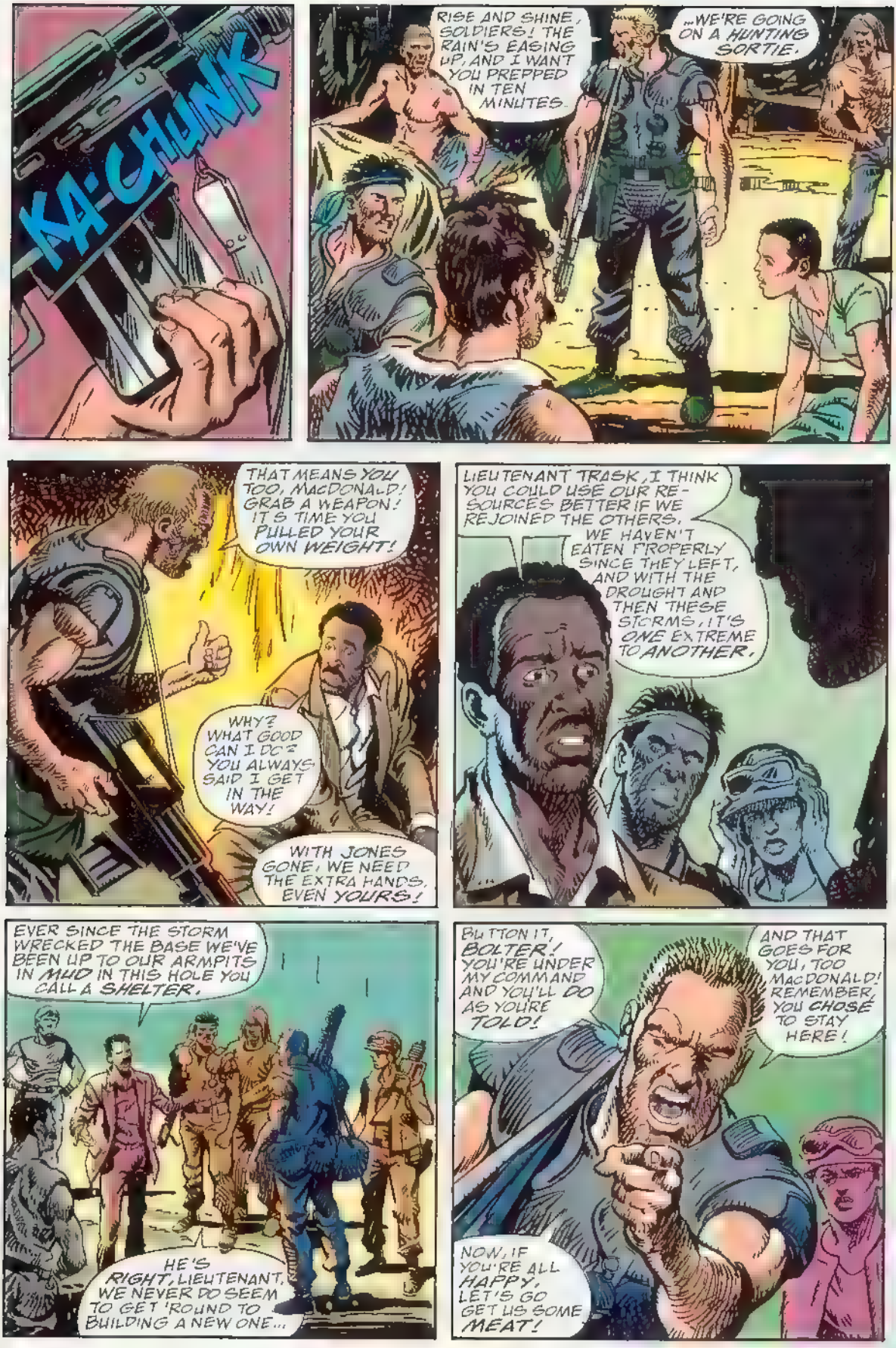
IT'S A LITTLE FUZZY--AH! THAT'S BETTER! PERFECT!
TRIPLE A! WE'VE JUST COUPLED UP THE SEISMICS AND REYNOLDS IS FINISHING SETTING UP THE TRIP FLARES. LOOKS LIKE WE'RE READY TO ROCK AND ROLL!
O.K. PROF, KEY IN THE SYSTEM, AND LET'S TRY IT.
NOW IF THIS WORKS, THIS BABY SHOULD TRIP THE SEISMICS--
THUD
KLIK
WHRRR
PERFECT! THE CAMERA ZEROED IN ON THE TARGET AREA! YOU CAN CALL IT A DAY, LYNDON!
BY THE WAY, JEFF ASKED THAT REYNOLDS MEET HIM AT THE DEADFALL WHEN YOU'RE DONE.
I'LL CATCH YOU LATER, PROF. WE'RE GONNA CHECK THE SNARES, AND SEE IF WE CAN RUSTLE UP SOME CHOW.
HANG ON, JEFF, I'LL COME WITH YOU. DAD, ARE YOU O.K. HERE?
FINE, FINE. RUN ALONG NOW, I'VE PLENTY TO OCCUPY ME.
ARE YOU SURE HE'S ALL RIGHT?
NO. THE INFECTION IN HIS LEG'S NOT ANY BETTER AND WE'RE RUNNING OUT OF PAIN-KILLERS.
I'M WORRIED, JEFF.


TRY NOT TO, ELLEN--I'M SURE WE CAN COME UP WITH SOMETHING.
I KNOW, LYNDON'S BEEN WORKING ON THE MAINFRAME TO IDENTIFY ANY PLANT WITH HOMEOPATHIC PROPERTIES--IT'S JUST A MATTER OF TIME.
DO YOU *HAVE* TO GO OUT? I THOUGHT MAYBE.. YOU'D LIKE TO... ER... HELP ME, OR SOMETHING...
I'D LOVE TO, BUT UNTIL WE GET THE BASE SELF-SUFFICIENT, WE'RE STILL GONNA HAVE TO GO ON THESE HUNTING TRIPS. SORRY.

WHEN CAN WE EXPECT THE PITTER PATTER OF TINY PAWS?
EYE'S FOURTEEN DAYS GONE NOW, BUT WITH THEIR HYBRID GENETICS WE'RE LOOKING AT SOMETIME BETWEEN TWENTY TO TWENTY-EIGHT DAYS.
DO WE KNOW WHAT THEY TASTE LIKE?
JEFF! I'D RATHER NOT THINK ABOUT IT. BESIDES, GEORGE IS HAVING MORE IMMEDIATE SUCCESS IN THE GARDEN!
HI, GEORGE. I WAS JUST TELLING JEFF ABOUT YOUR GREEN FINGERS.
TELL ME ABOUT IT! I PLANTED THESE TEN DAYS AGO-- AND LOOK! GOD BLESS GENETIC ENGINEERING! NOW ALL I NEED IS A REFRIGERATOR!
HA! HA! TALK TO LYNDON -- I'M SURE HE CAN THROW SOMETHING TOGETHER.
WHILE HE'S AT IT :GRUNT: I COULD DO WITH A TRACTOR.
I THOUGHT PIKE WAS HELPING YOU, MARY..?
YOU KNOW MATT-- WHEN HE'S GOT A BEE IN HIS BONNET, NOTHING'LL SHIFT HIM!
AWW, NOT AGAIN!

"YEAH, HE'S IN THE CORRAL."
Shhhh! STEADY, STEADY. NICE LIZARD, NICE CAMPTO-SAUR.
PIKE! YOU STUBBORN SON OF A GUN! I DON'T KNOW WHO'S MORE STUPID--YOU OR THE DINOSAUR!
SHE'S NOT STUPID-- SHE JUST HAS TO GET USED TO ME!
AND WE'LL SEE WHO'S STUPID WHEN SHE'S BROKEN IN RIGHT AND DOING ALL THE HEAVY WORK!
YEEHAAHH!
RIDE 'EM, COWBOY!
MORE LIKE DINO-BOY.

WHOA!
LOOKS LIKE WE'LL HAVE TO WAIT FOR THE INDUSTRIAL REVOLUTION! UNTIL THEN COULD YOU HELP MARY WITH THE PLOWING?!
I'M GONNA HAVE TO WORK ON A SADDLE!
JULIE! ARE YOU READY? WE'RE HEADING OFF SHORTLY! BRING YOUR BOW!
BE RIGHT WITH YOU!
SHE CERTAINLY KNOWS HOW TO USE THAT SPEAR!
AND SHE'S PRETTY MEAN WITH A BOW, TOO!
AND JUST AS WELL-- WE'RE DOWN TO OUR LAST HUNDRED ROUNDS OF AMMO.
THE DAY'S COMING WHEN THIS'LL BE USELESS!
KA-CHUNK


KA-CHUNK
RISE AND SHINE, SOLDIERS! THE RAIN'S EASING UP, AND I WANT YOU PREPPED IN TEN MINUTES.
...WE'RE GOING ON A HUNTING SORTIE.
THAT MEANS YOU TOO, MACDONALD! GRAB A WEAPON! IT'S TIME YOU PULLED YOUR OWN WEIGHT!
WHY? WHAT GOOD CAN I DO? YOU ALWAYS SAID I GET IN THE WAY!
WITH JONES GONE, WE NEED THE EXTRA HANDS, EVEN YOURS!
LIEUTENANT TRASK, I THINK YOU COULD USE OUR RESOURCES BETTER IF WE REJOINED THE OTHERS.
WE HAVEN'T EATEN PROPERLY SINCE THEY LEFT, AND WITH THE DROUGHT AND THEN THESE STORMS, IT'S ONE EXTREME TO ANOTHER.
EVER SINCE THE STORM WRECKED THE BASE WE'VE BEEN UP TO OUR ARMPITS IN MUD IN THIS HOLE YOU CALL A SHELTER.
HE'S RIGHT, LIEUTENANT. WE NEVER DO SEEM TO GET 'ROUND TO BUILDING A NEW ONE...
BUTTON IT, BOLTER! YOU'RE UNDER MY COMMAND AND YOU'LL DO AS YOU'RE TOLD!
AND THAT GOES FOR YOU, TOO MACDONALD! REMEMBER, YOU CHOSE TO STAY HERE!
NOW, IF YOU'RE ALL HAPPY, LET'S GO GET US SOME MEAT!

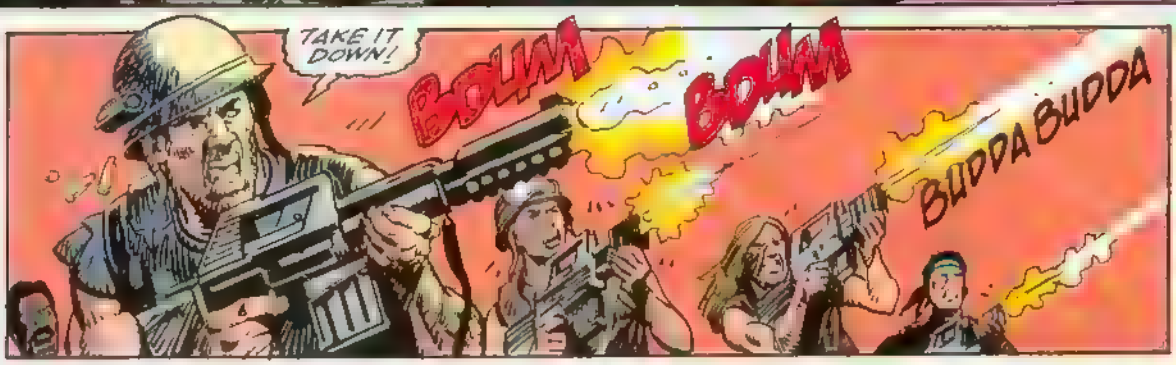
RAIN'S FINALLY STOPPED.
WE'RE GONNA HEAD SOUTH AND SEE IF IT'S BROUGHT ANY OF THE HERDS BACK
GREASE UP AND LET'S ROLL.
RAMEREZ, WHAT ARE YOU DOING?
THIS IS ALLOSAUR FAT WE GOT FROM A CARCASS, SEE? JUS' RUB IT ON AN THE PESKY LIL' DINOS DON'T BUG YOU.
THEY THINK YOU'RE A BIG KILLER, SEE? HA HA HA HA.
JEEZ! WHAT A SMELL!
IT SMELL GOOD TO BIG MALE DINO -- BETTER WATCH HE DON'T GET THE HOTS FOR YOU! HAHAHA!
MACDONALD! KEEP YOUR ASS UP WITH US!!
RAMEREZ, TAKE THE POINT, WE'RE ABOUT TO HIT THE PLAINS

HOLA! LOOK HERE! IT'S THE BIGGEST HAMBURGER I'VE EVER SEEN!
COME AN' GET IT!
RAMEREZ - NO!!
BOUM
YOU DAMN IDIOT! HOLD YOUR FIRE!
WE CAN'T WASTE AMMO LIKE THAT!
IT'S TOO BIG! BY THE TIME WE CUT IT UP, WE'D BE SET UPON BY EVERY PREDATOR FOR MILES! YOU GOTTA USE YOUR BRAIN BEFORE YOUR TRIGGER FINGER!
HEY! HEY! COME SEE WHAT I FOUND!
WHAT IS IT, STACK?
DINNER! HOW'D YOU LIKE YOUR EGGS? SUNNY SIDE UP OR SCRAMBLED?

RAMEREZ, GET IN THERE AND PASS 'EM DOWN.
MAN, oh MAN--WE'RE GONNA HAVE US ONE BIIIG OMELETTE!
HEADS UP, BOLTER! CATCH!
WHOOAA! YOU JERK!
TRACK!
URRGH! REVOLTING!
THEY ARE JUST ABOUT TO HATCH.
OKAY.. PARTY'S OVER. LET'S GET MOVING-- IT'S GETTING DARK.
MADRE MIA! IT'S USELESS-- USELESS!
COME, AMIGO--WE MAY GET LUCKY SOMEWHERE ELSE!
WHAT'S THE POINT, MAN?? WHAT'S THE POINT?! WE'RE NEVER NEVER LUCKY!

NEVER-NEVER! NEVER!
SANTA MARIA-
KRAKK
SPLIK
CRUNK
HSSSKKK
MADRE DE DIOS!
YAAIIEEE!
NOW WHAT??
RAMEREZ! WHAT THE HELL ARE YOU UP TO--

HSSSSK
OW?
OH MY GOD!!

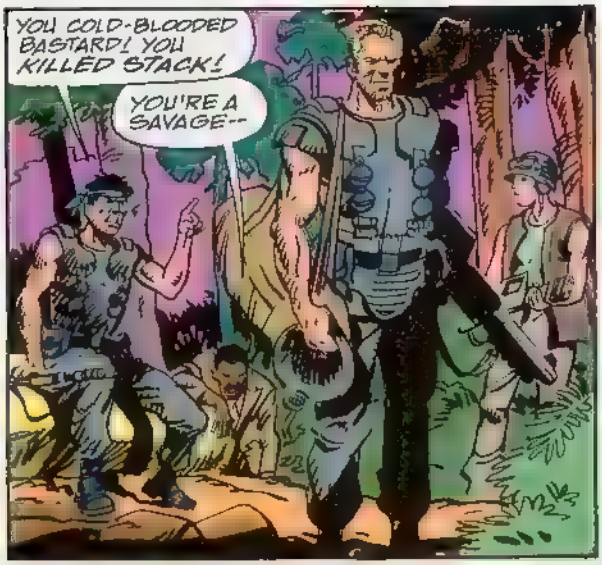

TAKE IT DOWN!
BOOM
BOOM
BUDDA BUDDA

RROWA
THUMPP

STINKING LIZARD!
TRASK! BEHIND US!!

SCAVENGERS! MARSHCSAURS! SHOOT THEM! SHOOT!
POUR IT ON! POUR IT ON!
AAGH! HELP ME! AARRGH!!

AIEEEEE!! MY LEG!
SHUT YOUR NOISE, STACK! I'VE GOT YOU!
I'M OUT OF AMMO! WE'D BETTER THINK OF SOMETHING--FAST!
AARRGH! G-GET ME OUTTA HERE! I'M BLEEDIN'--BAD!
NOOO!
IF THEY WANT BLOOD--
--THEY GOT IT!
TRASK!!
I JUST BOUGHT US SOME TIME --NOW RUN!

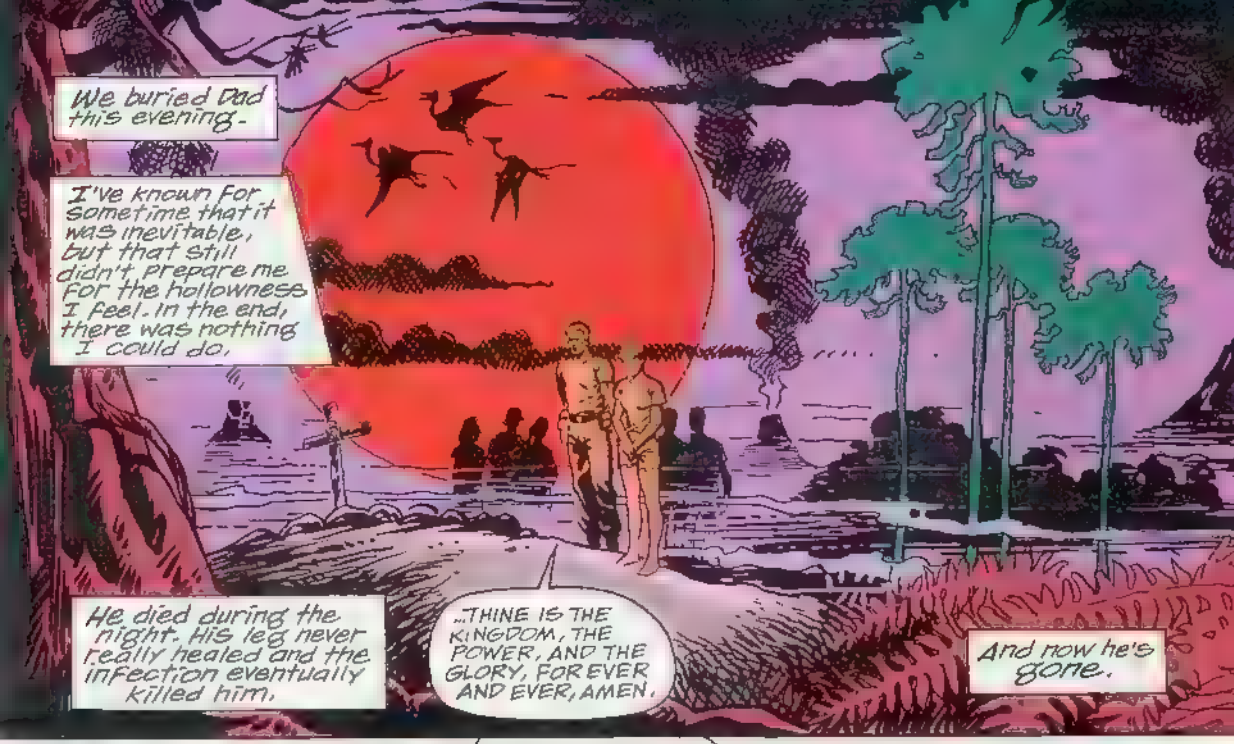

YOU COLD-BLOODED BASTARD! YOU KILLED STACK!
YOU'RE A SAVAGE--

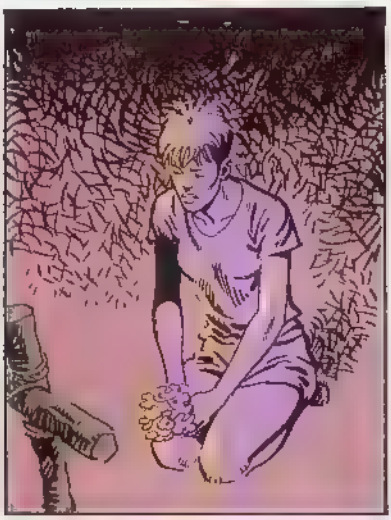
WHAT THE HELL WERE YOU DOING?!
--A BRUTAL, MINDLESS KILLER! TRASK-- TRASK!
QUIT WHINING! CAN'T YOU SEE HE SAVED OUR ASSES BACK THERE!?

TELL THAT TO STACK AND RAMEREZ!
LET'S FIND THE OTHERS-- WE'LL NEVER MAKE IT ON OUR OWN--
--NOT JUST THE FOUR OF US!
WE STICK WITH TRASK-- HE'S THE COMMANDING OFFICER--AND OUR BEST SHOT!

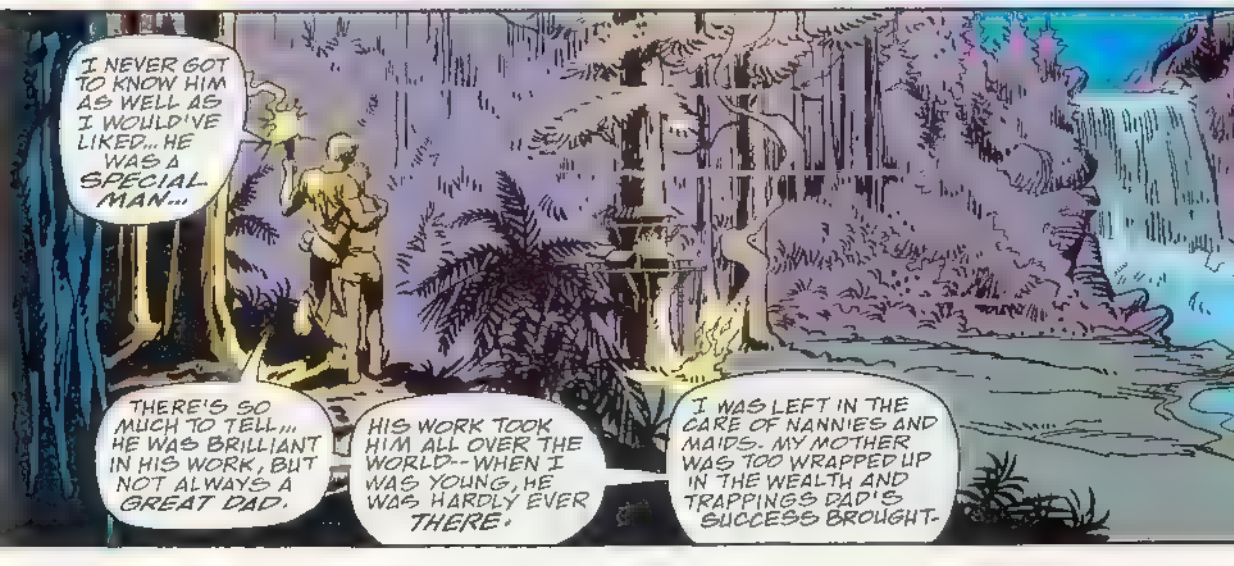
YOU WOULD SAY THAT, WOULDN'T YOU, BUNK MUFFIN?
THAT'S IT, BOLTER-- I'M GONNA KICK YOUR ASS!

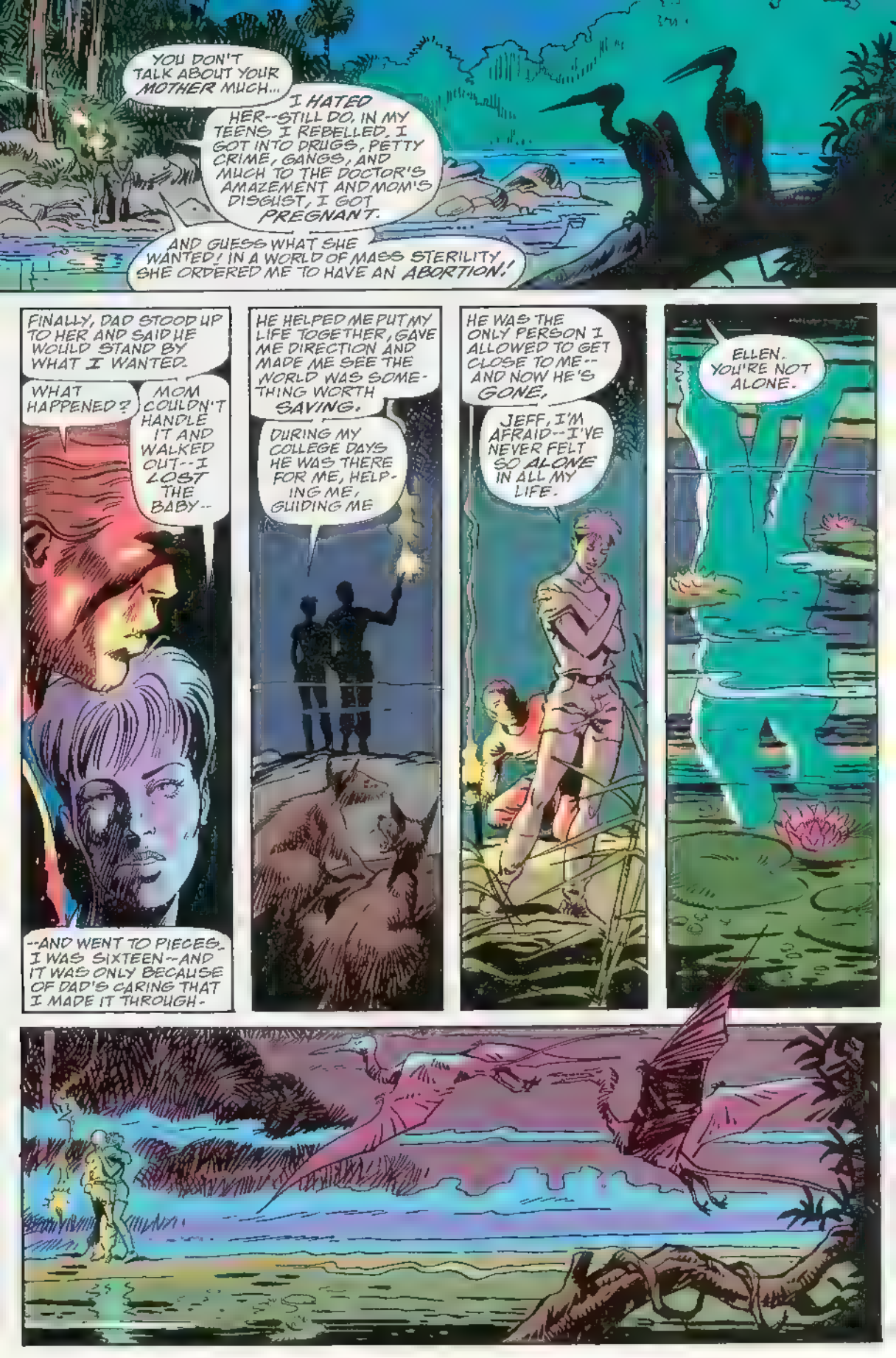
SHUT UP-- ALL OF YOU!
I'M IN CONTROL HERE! YOU'LL DO AS I SAY OR BE SHOT FOR MUTINY! THIS IS STILL A MILITARY UNIT! NOW GET YOUR KICK AND LET'S HEAD BACK.


We buried Dad this evening.
I've known for sometime that it was inevitable, but that still didn't prepare me for the hollowness I feel. In the end, there was nothing I could do.
He died during the night. His leg never really healed and the infection eventually killed him.
...THINE IS THE KINGDOM, THE POWER, AND THE GLORY, FOR EVER AND EVER, AMEN.
And now he's gone.

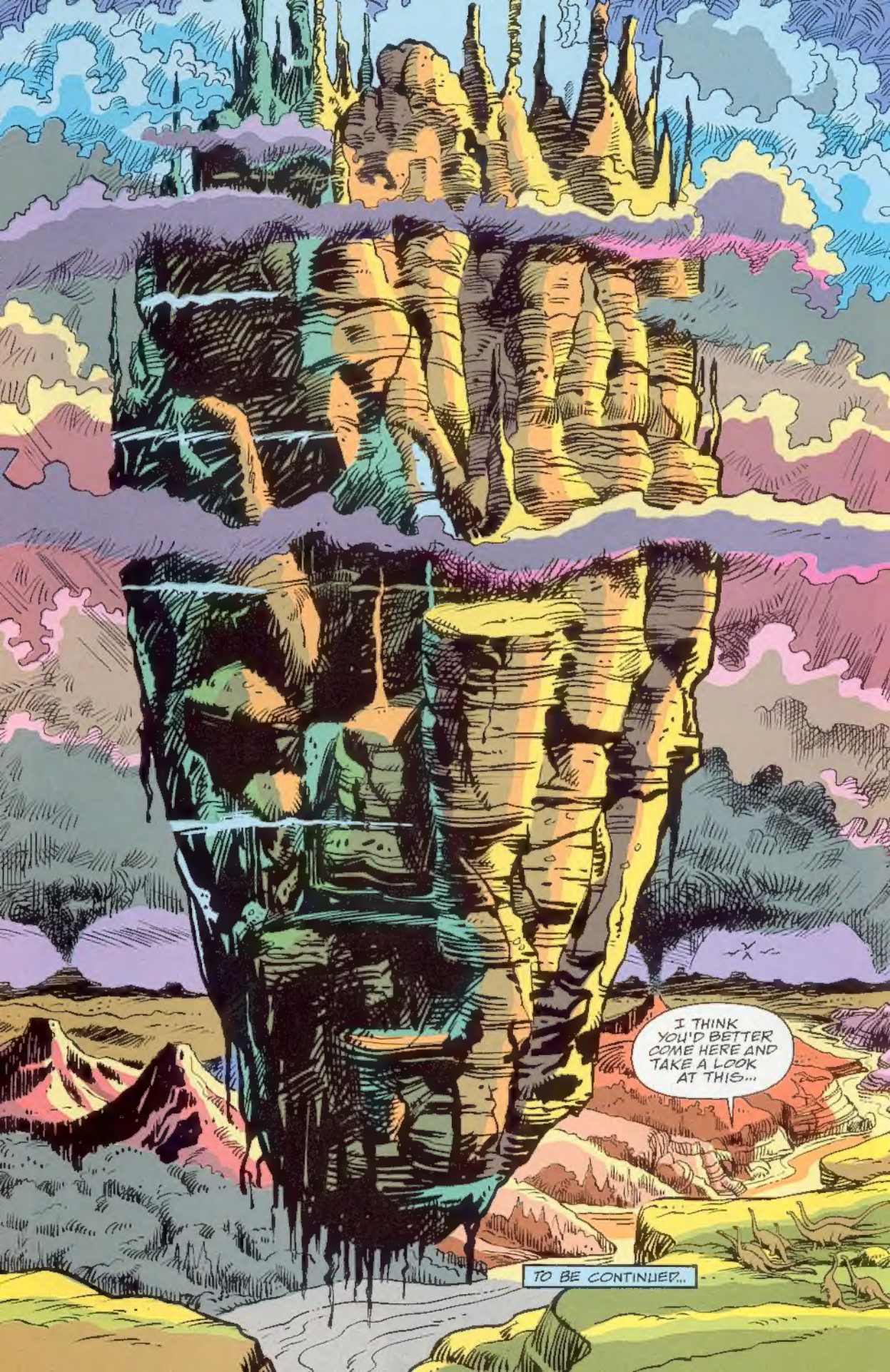


COME ON, ELLEN. THERE'S NOTHING MORE YOU CAN DO HERE.


I NEVER GOT TO KNOW HIM AS WELL AS I WOULD'VE LIKED... HE WAS A SPECIAL MAN...
THERE'S SO MUCH TO TELL... HE WAS BRILLIANT IN HIS WORK, BUT NOT ALWAYS A GREAT DAD.
HIS WORK TOOK HIM ALL OVER THE WORLD--WHEN I WAS YOUNG, HE WAS HARDLY EVER THERE.
I WAS LEFT IN THE CARE OF NANNIES AND MAIDS. MY MOTHER WAS TOO WRAPPED UP IN THE WEALTH AND TRAPPINGS DAD'S SUCCESS BROUGHT.


YOU DON'T TALK ABOUT YOUR MOTHER MUCH...
I HATED HER--STILL DO. IN MY TEENS I REBELLED. I GOT INTO DRUGS, PETTY CRIME, GANGS, AND MUCH TO THE DOCTOR'S AMAZEMENT AND MOM'S DISGUST, I GOT PREGNANT.
AND GUESS WHAT SHE WANTED! IN A WORLD OF MASS STERILITY, SHE ORDERED ME TO HAVE AN ABORTION!
FINALLY, DAD STOOD UP TO HER AND SAID HE WOULD STAND BY WHAT I WANTED.
WHAT HAPPENED?
MOM COULDN'T HANDLE IT AND WALKED OUT--I LOST THE BABY--
--AND WENT TO PIECES. I WAS SIXTEEN--AND IT WAS ONLY BECAUSE OF DAD'S CARING THAT I MADE IT THROUGH-
HE HELPED ME PUT MY LIFE TOGETHER, GAVE ME DIRECTION AND MADE ME SEE THE WORLD WAS SOMETHING WORTH SAVING.
DURING MY COLLEGE DAYS HE WAS THERE FOR ME, HELPING ME, GUIDING ME
HE WAS THE ONLY PERSON I ALLOWED TO GET CLOSE TO ME--AND NOW HE'S GONE.
JEFF, I'M AFRAID--I'VE NEVER FELT SO ALONE IN ALL MY LIFE.
ELLEN. YOU'RE NOT ALONE.

AAAKKK!
JESUS! SOMETHING JUST RAN OVER ME! YOU SAID THIS PLACE WAS SAFE, TRASK! IT'S NOT--IT'S COLD, DAMP, AND UNCOMFORTABLE!
SHUT IT, MacDONALD! AT LEAST IT'S COVERED, PROTECTED AND OUT OF REACH!
YAAAWWNN! I GOTTA TAKE A LEAK...
BURP!
SKRITCH SKRITCH
Hmmm... Hmmm...
OH, SHIT.


I THINK YOU'D BETTER COME HERE AND TAKE A LOOK AT THIS...
TO BE CONTINUED...

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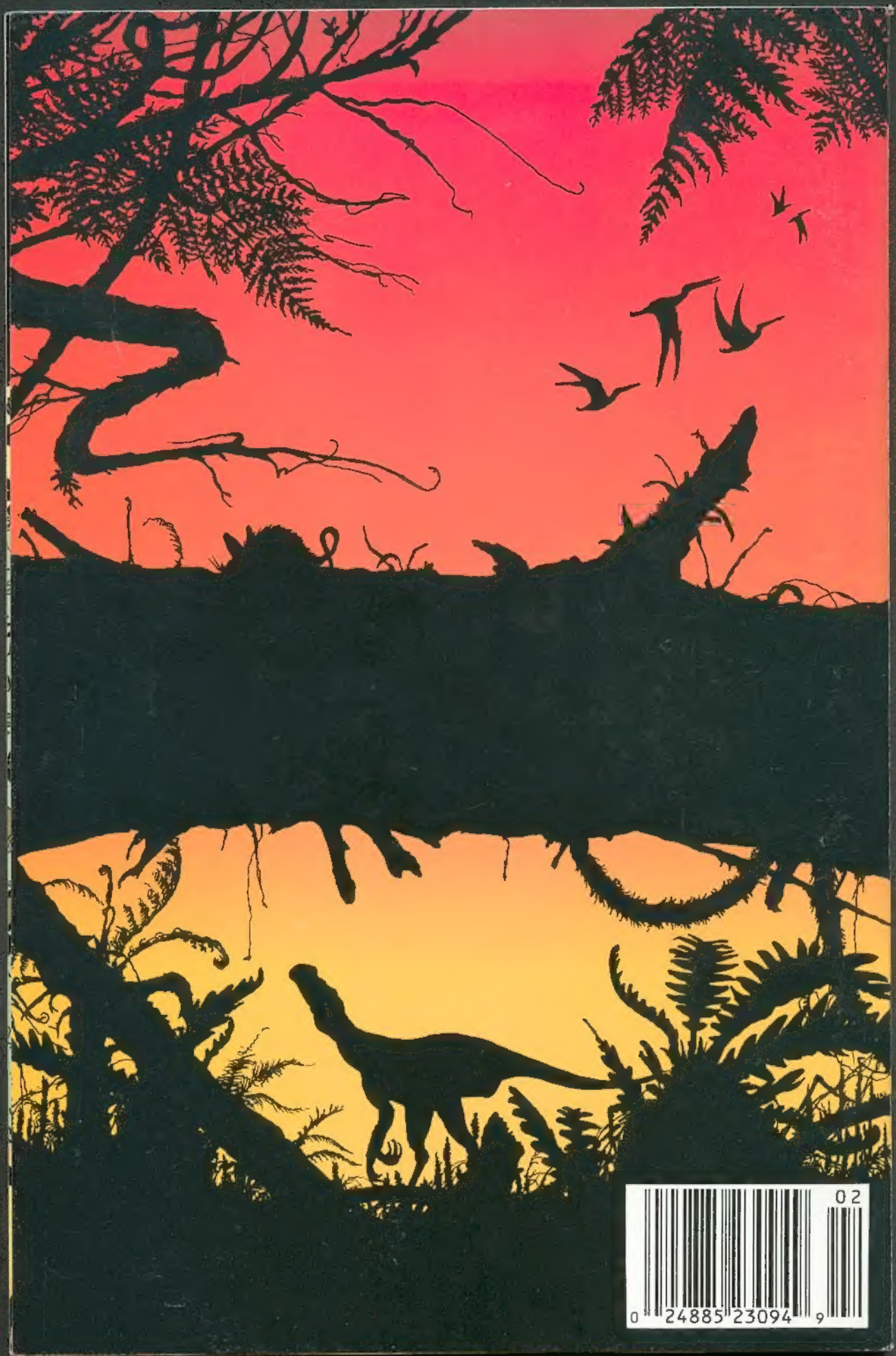
Epic Comics

A brachiosaur watches a passing flock of rhamporynchids.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